THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ECHOES.

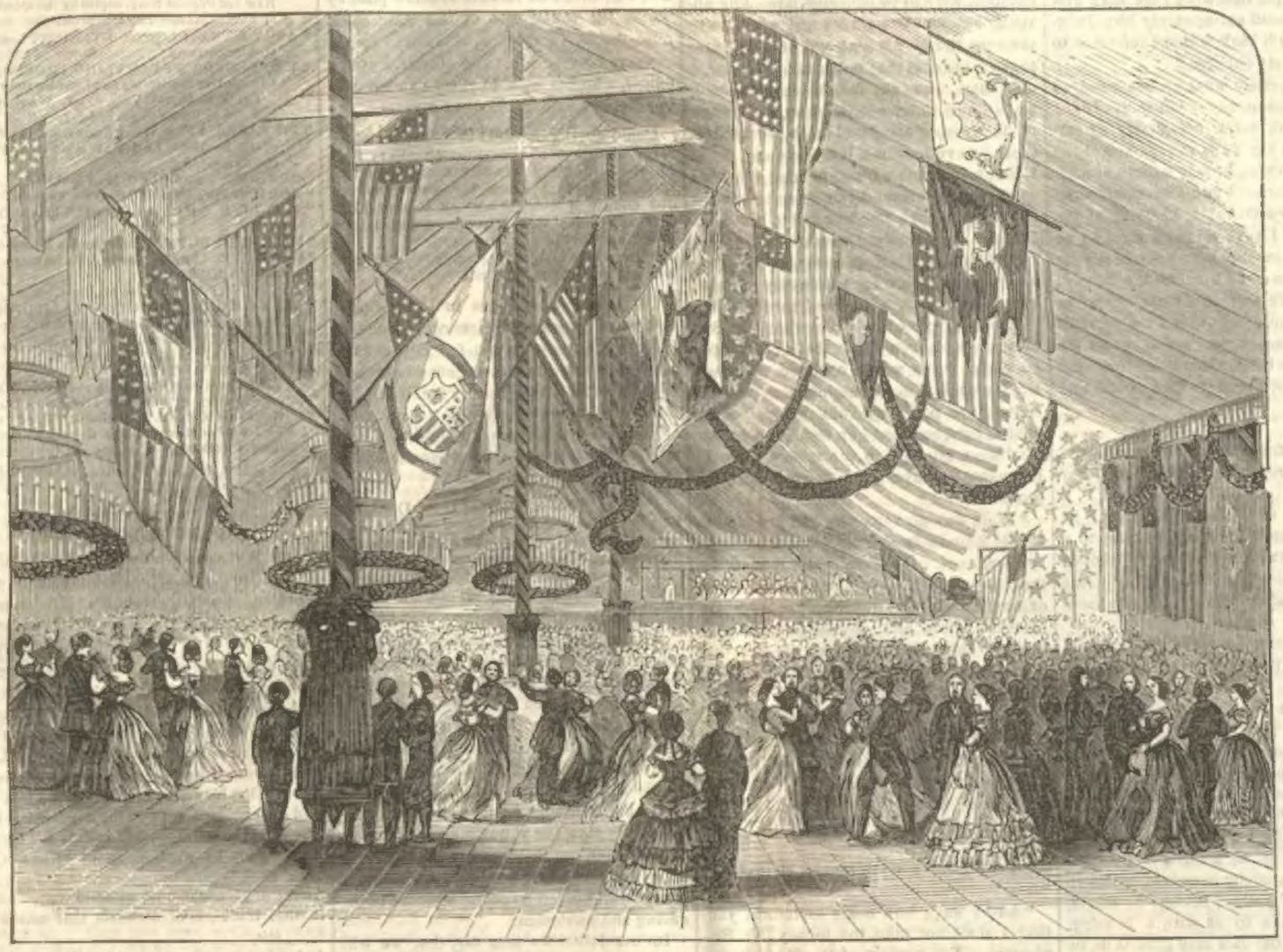
Oh, thou poet, tender-hearted!
I am weary, sing to me;
Sing me of the days departed,
Of the hearts where love has darted,
In life's memory.
For thy songs have power to charm me,
When all hope seems vain,
And thy words are welcome to me
As the summer showers
Are to the ripened grain.
So fall thy words, and I am strong again

Thy songs do come to me like whispers
From the spirit land;
As though the loved ones gone before
Returned to this cold earth once more,
And took me by the hand—
As though they led me back again
To former joys and scenes,
To where the ruined water-mill
Stands, opposite the mountain rill,
And a valley intervenes.

Oh, thou poet, tender-hearted!
I am weary, sing to me;
Sing to me of joys departed,
Of the sad and weary-hearted,
On life's stormy sea.
Let me know that other hearts
Have sorrows deep as mine—
That mine are but the echoes
Of others more divine.
Tell me this in thy refrain,
And my soul will see aright,
Its sorrows are but light,
And I shall be strong again!

JAMES ONIONS.

☞ An elk can run a mile and a half in two minutes; an antelope in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has even greater speed than that.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN THE ARMY—BALL AT THE SECOND CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

The ball given on Washington's birthday by the officers of the 2d Corps was one of the most successful entertainments of the kind ever given anywhere. A large building, with board sides and canvas roof, was erected especially for this occasion, with an extension along one side, the extreme length of the main structure, for a dining-hall. Less than three hundred $10 tickets were sold, exclusively to officers of the corps, and the invited guests consisted of those only who, by their position, were entitled to that distinction, or were intimate associates of the officers having the matter in charge. This rule having been strictly observed, as a consequence a select company was secured, and not so large as to make every one present uncomfortable. All, therefore, had plenty of opportunity to dance or promenade as best suited their fancy. The bands of the whole corps were brought into requisition. The table, also, was everything that could have been desired. There were almost as many ladies present as gentlemen, and many of their toilets would have been worthy of notice in the most fashionable drawing-room of the metropolis of the nation.

Among the invited guests were Vice-President Hamlin and daughter: Major-General Meade, lady and son; Gens. Sedgwick, Warren, Sykes, Newton, Merritt, Davies and ladies; Gen. Kilpatrick; O. A. Brownson, son and daughter; Senator Sprague, Mrs. Kate Sprague, Mrs. Senator Hale, Miss Hale, and Judge Usher, the Secretary of the Interior.

The hall, of which we give a view, as well as the music-stand, was tastefully decorated with flags and banners, and the whole affair proved to be a grand success.—*Frank Leslie's Paper.*

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXI.

DR. DAVENAL'S "FOLLY."

It was startling news to go forth to Hallingham—one of the nine days' wonders read of in social history. Lady Oswald had bequeathed her fortune to her physician, Dr. Davenal! Such things had been known before in the world's experiences, but Hallingham made as much of the fact as if that were the first time it had ever been enacted.

Upon none did the news fall with more complete astonishment than upon the doctor himself. Lady Oswald had more than once in the past few months mysteriously hinted to him that he would be rewarded some time for his care and attention to her; and it must be supposed that she had these hints in her mind when she said to Mr. Oswald Cray that "he" (the named inheritor of her money) knew that he would be rewarded. Upon Dr. Davenal the hints had never made any impression. Of a nature the very reverse of covetous, simple-minded, single-hearted, it never so much as crossed his imagination that she would be leaving her money to *him*. He would have been the first to repudiate it; to point out to her the injustice of the act.

It is surely not necessary to premise that you, my intelligent and enlightened readers, cannot have fallen into the mistake made by Neal, or drawn that respected domestic's very absurd—though perhaps to a fanciful and prejudiced mind not unnatural—deduction, that the night visit to Dr Davenal had reference to Lady Oswald's death. Being in the secret of who really did administer that fatal dose of chloroform to Lady Oswald, you will not connect it with Dr. Davenal's trouble. The visit may certainly be said to have had some mystery attaching to it, for it was made covertly and by one who did not care to be seen, but the chief mystery lay in the mind of Neal alone. A heavy secret, involving disgrace, much misery, perhaps ruin, had indeed fallen that night on Dr. Davenal, but it was entirely unconnected with the death of Lady Oswald. The words which Neal had heard—and he heard them correctly—would have borne to his mind a very different interpretation had he been enabled to hear the *whole*—what had preceded them and what followed them. But he did not.

Yes, this unhappy secret, this great misfortune, however inexpedient it may be at present to describe what it really was, had nothing to do with Lady Oswald. Far from Dr. Davenal's having caused her to inhale an extra dose of chloroform as an experiment, on the strength that it might prove fatal, and so enable him to drop at once into that very desirable legacy named in her will—and which supposition, I am sure you will agree with me in thinking, belongs rather to the world of idealic wonders than of real life—he had not the faintest suspicion that he should inherit a shilling. When the news was conveyed to him he could not believe it to be true, did not believe it for some little time.

It was Mr. Wedderburn who carried it to him. When the lawyer's business was over at Lady Oswald's, he proceeded to Dr. Davenal's, and found the doctor at home; he having just come in from attending the consultation. Mr. Wedderburn told him the news.

"Left to me!" exclaimed the doctor. "Her money left to me! Nonsense!"

"It is indeed," affirmed Mr. Wedderburn. "After the legacies are paid you take everything—you are residuary legatee."

"You are joking," said the doctor.—"What have I to do with the money? I have no right to it."

With some difficulty Dr. Davenal was convinced that he and he alone was named the inheritor. It did not give him pleasure. Quite the contrary; he saw in it only a good deal of trouble and law business, which he much disliked at all times to engage in.

Richard Davenal was one of those thoroughly conscientious men—and there are a few such in the world—who could not be content to enjoy money to which another has more right. It was a creed of his—and I hope not altogether an obsolete one—that money so enjoyed could not bring pleasure in the spending, or good in the end. Lady Oswald had legitimate relations, who had looked for the money, who needed the money, needed it with a far deeper need than Dr. Davenal, and who possessed a claim to it, so far as relationship could give it them. Even as the conviction slowly arose to him that the news, that he had been made the inheritor, was true, so there arose another conviction, or rather a resolution, with it—that he would never accept the money, that it should go over to its legitimate owners, no matter what trouble it involved. A resolution from which he never swerved.

Never. Not even in that moment when a temptor's voice arose within him, whispering how well this legacy would serve to replace that great sum, the savings of years, which he had been obliged to part with only that very week. Partly to satisfy a debt, of which until then he had known nothing, had he parted with it; partly as hush-money, to keep down that terrible secret whispered to him on the Sunday night. The thought certainly did arise—that it almost seemed as if this money had been sent to him to replace it; but never for a moment did he allow it to obtain weight. It would have been simply impossible for Dr. Davenal to act against his conscience.

"I shall refuse the legacy," he remarked to Mr. Wedderburn. "I have no right to it."

"What did you say?" asked the lawyer, believing he did not properly catch the words.

"I shall not accept this money. It is none of mine. It ought to be none of mine. It must go to Lady Oswald's relatives."

"But it is yours, Dr. Davenal. It is bequeathed to you in the will."

"I don't care for the will. I should not care for ten wills if I had no right to the money they bequeathed me. I have no right to this, and I will not touch a farthing of it."

Mr. Wedderburn's surprise could only expend itself in one long stare. In all his lawyerly experience he had never come across an announcement so savoring of chivalry. The legatees he had had the pleasure of doing business with, were only too eager to grasp their good fortune, and if any little inconvenient pricks of conscience were so ill-mannered as to arise, they were speedily despatched back again by the very legal thought—If I do take it I but obey the will."

"There never was a such a thing heard of, as the refusing of a fortune legally bequeathed," cried the lawyer.

"I daresay there has been, many a time. If not, this will be a precedent."

"You'll be so laughed at," persisted Mr. Wedderburn. "You'll be set down—I'm afraid people will be for setting you down as a lunatic."

"Let them," said the doctor. "They shan't confine me as one without my own certificate. Mr. Wedderburn," he continued in a graver tone, "I am serious in this refusal. I feel that I have no right whatever to this money of Lady Oswald's. She has paid me liberally for my services—"

"If you only knew how many thousands inherit money daily who have no right to it," interrupted Mr. Wedderburn.

"Doubtless they do. I was going to observe that it is not so much my having no right to it, that would cause me to decline, as the fact that others exist who have a right. I—"

"But the will gives you a right," interposed the lawyer, unable to get over his surprise.

"A legal right I am aware it does. But not a just one. No, I will not accept this legacy."

"What will you do about it, then?"

The doctor was silent for a minute.

"I should wish the money to be appropriated just as though there had been no Dr. Davenal in existence. You say this will was made but about six months ago. It must have superseded another will, I presume?"

"It may be said that it superseded several," was the reply. "Lady Oswald was constantly making wills. She had made some half dozen before this last one."

"And each one disposing of her property differently?" quickly asked the doctor.

"Yes; or nearly so. Twice she bequeathed it to her nephews, the Stephensons. Once it was left to Mr. Oswald Cray; once to charities; once to Sir Philip Oswald. She has been exceedingly capricious."

"All the more reason why I should not take it now," warmly cried Dr. Davenal. "She must have left it to me in a moment of caprice; and had she lived a few months longer, this will would have been revoked as the rest have been. Mr. Wedderburn, were I capable of acting upon it and taking the money, I should lose all self-respect for ever. I could not, as a responsible being, responsible to One who sees and judges all I do, be guilty of so crying an injustice."

Mr. Wedderburn suppressed a shrug of the shoulders. He could only look at these affairs with a lawyer's eye and a lawyer's reasoning. Dr. Davenal resumed.

"What was the tenor of the will which this last one superseded? Do you recollect?"

"Perfectly. We hold the draft of it still. It was as nearly as possible a counterpart of the present one, excepting as relates to your share in this, and of the share of the brothers Stephenson. In that last will they took your place. The furniture was bequeathed to them, as in this, and also the bulk of the property."

"My name not being mentioned in it?"

"Yes, it was. The diamond ring bequeathed to you now was bequeathed then. Nothing more to you."

"Then that's all right. Now, Mr. Wedderburn, listen to me. That diamond ring I will accept with pleasure as a reminiscence of my poor friend and patient, but I will accept nothing else. Will you be so kind as to destroy this last will, and let the other be acted upon? I am scaring you, I see. If that cannot legally be done, I must let the money come to me, but only in transit for the rightful owners, the Reverend Mr. Stephenson and his brother. You will manage this for me. Being at home in law details, you know of course what may and what may not be done. All I beg of you is to effect this, carrying it out in the simplest manner, and in the quickest possible time."

Mr. Wedderburn drew a long face. He had no more cause to wish the money to go to Dr. Davenal than to the clergyman and his brother, but it was altogether so unusual a mode of proceeding, would be so very unprofessional a transaction, that he regarded it as an innovation hardly to be tolerated, a sort of scandal on all recognized notions in the legal world, of which Mr. Wedderburn himself was little better than a machine.

"I cannot undertake it without your giving me instructions in writing, Dr. Davenal. I'd not stir a peg in it without."

"You shall have them in full."

"Well, sir, you know best, but the time may come when your children will not thank you for this. It is folly, Dr. Davenal, and nothing less."

"I hope my children will never question any act of mine. I am doing this for the best."

Nevertheless, as Dr. Davenal spoke, there was some pain in his tone. The lawyer detected it, and thought he was coming round. He would not speak immediately, but let the feeling work its way.

"It is a large sum to relinquish," the lawyer presently said; "to throw out of one's hand as if it were so much worthless sand."

"What is the sum? what has she left?" asked Dr. Davenal, the remark reminding him that he was as yet in ignorance.

"I expect, when all the legacies and other expenses are paid, there will be a little over six thousand pounds. There ought to have been double that. Lady Oswald lost a large sum a few years ago, quite as much as six thousand. She put it into some prosperous-looking bubble, and it burst. Women should never dabble in business. They are safe to get their fingers burnt."

"Men have burnt theirs sometimes," was the answer of Dr. Davenal, spoken significantly. "Six thousand pounds! I should have thought her worth much more. Well, Mr. Wedderburn, you will carry out my instruction."

"Of course, if you order me. Will you be so kind as to write those instructions to me at your convenience, posting them from this town to my house. I am going back home at once."

"Shall you see Mr. Stephenson and his brother again to-day? I wish you would see them. Were they not surprised when the will was read?—struck with its injustice?"

"They were disappointed; there's no doubt of it."

"Ay. They must be put out of their sus-

pense. You had better see them, Mr. Wedderburn."

Mr. Wedderburn thought otherwise. "I would rather not," he answered. "For one thing, Dr. Davenal, I am really anxious to depart by the first train for my home; there's a necessity for my reaching it before post-time. And I have another reason. I wish you would allow me to give you just one word of advice."

"You can give it me," said Dr. Davenal. "I don't promise to take it."

"It might be the better for you if you would," was the lawyer's reply. "My advice is, say nothing to the Stephensons, or to any one else, to-day. This is a very strange resolution that you have expressed, and I beg you to sleep upon it. Should you be to-morrow morning more confirmed in it, it will be time enough to proclaim it then. Great as the blow is to the Stephensons, one night of it won't kill them. And it is not so bad—they know of the fifty pounds each and the furniture."

The lawyer departed.

Dr. Davenal stood a few moments in thought. It was close upon the hour for receiving his indoor patients, and he could not go out then. Quitting his study, where the interview had taken place, he went to look for his daughter, and found her in the garden parlor with her aunt. It was not often that Miss Bettina troubled that room—she had been wont to tell Sara and Caroline that its litter set her teeth on edge.

They began to talk to him of the funeral. It was natural they should do so. In a country place these somewhat unusual occurrences of everyday life are made much of. Miss Bettina was curious.

"Were the people from Thorndyke there?" she asked.

"Sir Philip and his eldest son."

"And Oswald Cray?"

"Of course. He came down on purpose."

"My goodness! And so they met! How did they behave, Richard?"

"Just as the rest of us behaved. Did you suppose they'd start a quarrel?"

"I was sure of it. I knew they would never meet without starting one. Nothing less could come of Oswald Cray's proud spirit and the manner they have treated him."

"At sea as usual, Bettina. Do you think they'd quarrel *there?*—on that solemn occasion? Oswald Cray and Sir Philip are proud enough, both of them; but they are *gentlemen*—you forget that, Bettina. I think Oswald Cray is about the least likely man to quarrel that I know, whether with Sir Philip or with anybody else. Your proud man washes his hands of people whom he despises; but he does not quarrel with them."

How singularly true were the words in regard to Oswald Cray! It was as though Dr. Davenal had worn in that moment the gift of provision; "Your proud man washes his hands of people whom he despises."

"And how is her money left?" continued Miss Bettina. "To the Stephensons?"

"No, she has not made a just will. It is left to——to a stranger. A stranger in blood."

"Indeed! To whom? I hope you have been remembered with some little token, Richard?"

"To be sure I have been. You know those two splendid diamond rings of hers: I have one, Oswald Cray the other. And that's all he has got, by the way, except a silver coffee pot, or so. Sara, come with me into the garden, I wish to have a little chat with you."

"You have not told me who the stranger is," shrieked out Miss Bettina.

"I'll tell you by-and-by," called back the doctor.

"I did not think it likely she would leave anything to Oswald Cray, papa," Sara remarked, as they paced the garden path.

"I think I should, had I been in her place. A matter of five hundred pounds, or so, would have helped him on wonderfully. However, there was no obligation, and it is a question whether Oswald would have accepted it."

"You said it was not a just will, papa?"

"I could have gone further than that, Sara, and stigmatised it as a very unjust one. Those poor Stephensons, who have been expecting this money—who have a right to expect it—are cut off with a paltry fifty pounds each and the furniture."

"Oh, papa! And are they not very poor?"

"So poor that I believe honestly they have not always bread to eat; that is, what people, born as they were, designate as bread; proper food. They carry the signs of it in their countenances."

"And for Lady Oswald to have left her money away from them! To whom has she left it?"

"To one who has no right to it, who never expected it."

"I suppose you mean Sir Philip?"

"No, it is not left to him. But now, give me your opinion, Sara. Let us for argument's sake put ourselves in the position of this fortunate legatee. Suppose—suppose, my dear, it were left to *you*—this money to which you have no claim, no right, but to which others have a claim—how should you feel?"

"I should feel uncomfortable," replied Sara. "I should feel that I was enriched at the expense of others; I am sure that I should feel almost as though I had committed a fraud. Papa," she added more eagerly, the idea occurring to her, "I should wish to give the money back to them."

"That is the very argument I have been using myself, not five minutes ago. Wedderburn, Lady Oswald's lawyer, was here talking of the matter, and I told him that were I the man to whom it was left I should give it back, every shilling of it, to the channel where it ought at once to have gone—the brothers Stephenson. Wedderburn did not agree with me: he brought forward the argument that the man's children might reproach him afterwards. What do you think?"

"I think, papa, that were I the man you speak of, I should act upon my own judgment and give it back without reference to the opinion of my children."

"That is precisely what he has resolved to do. Sara, the money is left to me."

Sara Davenal, taken completely by surprise, halted in her walk and looked at the doctor, not knowing how to believe him.

"It is true, Sara. I find I am the favored legatee of Lady Oswald: knowing at the same time that I have no more right to be so than have those espalier rose-trees at your side. I have resolved to refuse the money; to repudiate the will altogether, so far as my share in it goes; and to suffer a previous will to be acted upon, which gives the money to the Stephensons. I trust my children will not hereafter turn round and reproach me."

"Oh, papa!"

She spoke the words now almost reproachfully, in reproach that he could ever think it.

"Yes, I shall do it, Sara. And yet," he added, his voice insensibly sinking to a whisper, "I have heavy need for money just now; and the help this would be to me no one but myself knows. It is some thousands."

Sara was silent. A shiver had passed over her face at the allusion. She did not dare reply to it. The subject was too painful, and besides she was kept partially in the dark.

"But I cannot tamper with my conscience," resumed Dr. Davenal. "Were I to take this money, it would only lie like a weight upon it for my whole future life. I believe—and, Sara, I wish you to believe it and treasure it as an assured truth—that money appropriated by ourselves, which in point of right, of justice, belongs to others, *never* comes home to us with a blessing. However safely the law may give it us, or the world deem our claim to it legitimate, if we deprive others of it whose it is by every moral and—may I say it?—divine right, that money will not bless us or our children. Sara, I speak this from the experience of an observant life."

"I am sure you are right, papa," she murmured. "Do not keep this money."

"I shall not. But, Sara,"—and Dr. Davenal stopped in his walk, and his voice grew solemn in its tone as he laid his hand upon her—"things have changed with me. I cannot now foresee the future. I thought I was laying up a competency for my children; not a great one, it is true, but one that would have kept them above the extreme frowns of the world. This I have had to fling away—my hard-earned savings. It may be, that I shall now have to leave you, my cherished daughter, to the world's mercy; perhaps—I know not—compelled to work for your living in it. Should this misfortune come, you will not cast back a reflection on your dead father, and reproach him for the rejection of these thousands."

The tears came streaming down her cheeks. Her pleading hand, her loving look, gave the first answer.

"You could not keep the money, papa. It would not be right in God's sight. Do not hesitate."

"I have not hesitated, Sara. My mind has been made up from the first. But I preferred to speak to you."

Neal came forward to summon Dr. Davenal. He was being waited for. Sara turned to rejoin her aunt.

"You can tell her about this legacy to me, Sara; it will be the talk of the town before the day's out. And explain to her why I decline it."

The afternoon drew to its close. Dr. Davenal, engaged with a succession of patients, scarcely noticed its elapse. He was wishing to see Mr. Oswald Cray, and hoped he would be calling. When dinner-time arrived and he had not come, the note previously mentioned was pencilled, and Neal despatched with it.

The man brought the message back in due course: "Mr. Oswald Cray was unable to call upon the doctor, as he was departing for town." Dr. Davenal was disappointed; he had wished to explain to Oswald Cray his intentions respecting the money; he considered it due to him, Oswald, to do so.

How is it that there are times when an idea apparently without any cause to lead to it, any reason to justify it, takes sudden possession of the mind? Even as Neal spoke, such an idea took possession of Dr. Davenal's. He fancied that Oswald Cray was in some way not pleased at the disposition of Lady Oswald's property, as regarded Dr. Davenal, was in a degree, more or less, resenting it. It only made the doctor doubly desirous of seeing him.

But there was no chance of it at present, Oswald Cray having left, Dr. Davenal put on his hat, and went out to take a walk as far as Lady Oswald's.

He found the Rev. Mr. Stephenson alone. His brother had departed. The clergyman received him somewhat awkwardly. He had been brooding over his disappointment all by himself; had been thinking what a crying wrong it was that the money should be left to the flourishing and wealthy physician, Dr. Davenal, who put as many guineas into his pocket daily, as would keep him and his family in their humble way for months. He was casting his anxious thoughts to the future, wondering how his children were to be educated, foreseeing nothing but embarrassment and struggle to the very end of his life; and I am not sure that his heart at that moment towards that one man, was not full of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Ministers of the gospel are but human, swayed at times by evil passions, just as we are.

But, being in this frame of mind, it a little confused the reverend gentleman to see the object of his envy standing before him. Dr. Davenal drew forward a seat.

"I daresay, Mr. Stephenson, if the truth were known, you were at this very moment bestowing upon me plenty of hard names."

It was so exceedingly like what Mr. Stephenson had been doing, that all the reply he could make was a confused stammer. Dr. Davenal, who for the interview appeared to have put away from the surface his hidden care, resumed in a frank, free tone.

"I have no right to the money, have I? It ought to have gone to you and your brother?"

"Well, sir—perhaps you had been led to expect it by Lady Oswald," was the clergyman's answer. Of a timid and refined nature, he could not, to Dr. Davenal's face, express his sense of the wrong. With Dr. Davenal before him, cordial and open, he began to think the wrong less. That is, that it was not so much the doctor's fault, as he had been angrily thinking.

"No, she never led me to expect anything of the sort; and you cannot be more surprised than I am at its being left to me," said the doctor. "When Mr. Wedderburn came to me with the news, I could not believe him. However, it appears to be the fact."

"Yes," meekly rejoined the clergyman; "it is."

"And I have now come to inform you, that I shall not take the money, Mr. Stephenson. Not a stiver of it. The will, so far as it concerns me, may be regarded as a dead letter for all practical use. I have desired Mr. Wedderburn to transfer the money to you and your brother; and if this may not legally be, if I must, despite myself, accept the money, I only take it to restore it to you. You will not be too proud to accept it from me?"

Was he listening to fact?—or was he in a dream? The words, to the minister's ear, did not savor of reality. His pale face grew moist with emotion, his trembling hands entwined their thin fingers together. He did not dare to ask, Was it real? lest the answer should dissolve the spell, and prove it but illusion.

"I could not accept of this great sum to the prejudice of others who have a right to it," resumed Dr. Davenal. "I should fear its proving something like ill-gotten gains, that bring evil with them, instead of good. The money shall be yours and your brother's, Mr. Stephenson, just as surely as though it had been left to you by Lady Oswald. The diamond ring I shall keep and value, but not a shilling of the money. I thought I would come up and tell you this."

The tears were welling into that poor gentleman's eyes, as he rose and clasped the hand of Dr. Davenal. "If you could see what I have suffered; if you could only imagine the struggle life has been to me, you would know what I feel at this moment. Heaven send its blessing on your generosity!"

The doctor quitted him. He had found a heavy hear', he left a glad one. He quitted him and went forth into the stillness of the autumn night.

He glanced towards the bright stars as he walked along, thinking of the future. And a prayer went up from his heart to the throne of heaven—that, if it was God's will, his children might not feel hereafter the sacrifice he had made—that God would bless them and be merciful to them when he should be gone. The last few days had been sufficient to teach Dr. Davenal, had he never known it before, in how great need the apparently safest amongst us stand of this ever-loving mercy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ "It is true," said Blifkins, as he led Mrs. Blifkins up to the window and began to count the wrinkles on her forehead. "What is true?" said Mrs. B. in a tone that savored of chagrin and some curiosity. "Why," replied he, "I have just read that every time a wife scolds her husband it adds a wrinkle to her face, and I can count five distinct furrows that have been added within a week." Mrs. B. said not a word, but there was a lofty contempt in her look for the credulity that controlled her husband, as he went out to buy his dinner.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

Mr. S. C. Roonce, of Clarksville, Mercer Co., Pa., writes us relative to some plan by which the young men of this state could raise money to erect a monument to the memory of this noble and chivalric young officer, who has been so vilely slandered by the rebel press. Mr. Roonce says:—

Could not a great deal of money be raised for this purpose at the coming Sanitary Fair to be held in your city some time this spring? * * I know the young men of our county would be willing to give $5 or $10 apiece for the purpose of erecting a monument for this young hero.

Where was Col. Dahlgren from, or where was his place of residence?

Col. Dahlgren was born in Philadelphia, and was a lieutenant of Spencer's Dahlgren Howitzer Battery, raised for city defence soon after the commencement of the war. What time he left the battery for the United States service, we are not able to say. His old comrades, in a series of resolutions, have referred to this matter of a monument in the following words:—

Resolved, That as Colonel Ulric Dahlgren had from his parentage ties to this city, and this city to him, our fellow-citizens should not be unmindful of his memory, but should raise a monument to him more permanent than mere expressions of admiration and respect.

We cordially sympathize with the above proposal, and we think the members of the Dahlgren Howitzer Battery the proper persons to be entrusted with the execution of the design. And while it is a subject that this city should take a peculiar interest in, the whole state—and for that matter, the whole country—should aid in doing honor to the heroic dead. And, as our correspondent truly says, the young men of Pennsylvania should feel themselves called upon in an especial manner, to honor the memory of one who has left so proud a record of his daring and patriotism.

In conclusion we may say, that we will receive and acknowledge any sums that may be sent to us for the purpose of aiding in the erection of a suitable monument, and pay them over to any properly constituted committee.

GENERAL GRANT.

The new Lieutenant General astonished the people of this city last week by his sudden appearance at the Continental Hotel. As he was not expected, and was gone before our citizens generally had heard of his arrival, it is considered a flank movement, by which he missed one of those ovations which he is said to be so particularly *fond* of. A number of gentlemen, however, heard the news, and called to gratify their curiosity and pay their respects; and one of them informs us that the famous General is a man rather under the medium height, with short, sandy beard, sandy hair, and rather florid complexion. Grant's modesty, and dislike to being lionized, is very apparent, though he is learning to take the unavoidable nuisances of his position and popularity with considerable coolness and equanimity. By the way, we perceive by a biographical notice which we quote in another column, that Grant, though of Ohio birth, is of the old Pennsylvania and New Jersey stock.

AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

As the following, for which we are indebted to the *N. Y. Evening Post*, was news to us, probably it will be to a majority of our readers. We had no idea that an underground railroad, *five miles* long, was in operation in London. The *Post* says:—

An ingenious engineer had already constructed a railroad from the city to Blackwall, running over the tops of the houses, and trains drawn at good speed by stationary engines; and at last it occurred to some one to run a tunnel under the streets, and lay an iron track in that. Thorough trial has proved this to be, on the whole, the safest, pleasantest, cheapest plan—the greatest relief to the overcrowded streets, and the most successful of all that have been tried, for the convenience of trade and passengers.

There is at present in London a tunnel road five miles long, connecting Farrington street with Paddington station; a double track is laid, and the company has already carried about five millions of passengers. The tunnel is thoroughly ventilated, dry, well lighted, and in every way comfortable; to ride through it is very much like walking through one of the great store cellars of a Broadway dry goods house. The rate of speed attained in twenty miles per hour. Entrance and exit stations are provided at short intervals, a staircase leading to the street above.

The success of the Underground Railway in London has been so decided that Parliament has chartered companies who intend to surround the city with tunnel roads, and connect all the railway stations. It is said that twenty millions sterling have already been subscribed towards this vast enterprise. The cost of tunnelling and laying the track ready for operation, is about a million dollars per mile.

"THE LADY'S FRIEND."

We have the pleasure of informing the readers of THE POST, that our new Magazine is a decided success—and has already taken a prominent position among the ladies' magazines of the country. The APRIL number, now ready, contains the following interesting collection of engravings and articles:—

"HARRY AND HIS DOG"—a fine engraving on Steel.
DOUBLE COLORED FASHION PLATE. Five Figures. Admirably engraved on Steel, and beautifully colored.
"THE WANDERER" and "THE RESTORED"—two Companion engravings, of a very touching character.
MUSIC. "I Loved that Dear Old Flag the Best"—a New and Popular Song, copied by the special permission of Messrs. Lee & Walker.
"ABOVE THE CLOUDS BY NIGHT"—another striking engraving.
"THE RECTOR'S STARTLING PROPOSAL."—an engraving illustrating an admirable story called "The Transformed Village: or, What May be Effected by Perseverance and Prayer."
TEN PAGES of Fine Wood Engravings, illustrative of the Fashions, Ladies' Work-Table, Flower Department, &c.
"OUR NED"—a story by C. M. Trowbridge.
"FORESHADOWINGS," by Clara Augusta.
"THE LIFE THAT IS TO BE," by Caroline A. Bell.
"MISTAKEN DUTY," a story by Ida Mason.
"GOOD-BYE," by Mrs. Laura J. Rittenhouse.
"MABEL'S MISSION."
"A PORTRAIT," by Helen M. Pratt.
"JENNY MORRIS'S TRIP TO CALIFORNIA," an amusing story by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer.
"MOONSET," by Miss A. L. Muzzey.
"THE LILAC BOUGH," by August Bell.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT:—The Eastern Costume.—Danger of Smelling Flowers.—Archery on a Windy Day.—New Music.—Notice of "Corinne."—Notice of "Renan's Life of Jesus."—Miscellaneous Receipts.—Descriptions of Fashions, &c.

For terms, &c., see the first column of the first page of this paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, is an excellent number, containing articles by Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, &c. "The Wreck of Rivermouth" has fine passages; and Lowell's poem is as impressive as it is quaint—the conclusion being as follows:—

"Excellent teaching men have, day and night,
From two earnest friars, a black and a white,
The Dominican Death, and the Carmelite Life;
And between these two there never is strife,
For each has his separate office and station,
And each his own work in the congregation.
Whose to the white brother deafens his ears,
And cannot be wrought on by blessings or tears,
Awake in his coffin must wait and wait,
In that blackness of darkness that means *too late*,
And come once a year, when the ghost-bell tolls,
As till Doomsday it shall on the eve of All-Souls,
To hear Doctor Death, whose words smart with the brine
Of the Preacher, the tenth verse of chapter nine.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: Iron-Workers and Tool-Makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self Help," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THOUGHTS ON SABBATH SCHOOLS. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. The character and scope of this work may be judged by the following heads of chapters: "The Sabbath School as a Philanthropic Enterprise;" "Church Members and the Sabbath School;" "Relation of the Sabbath School to the Family;" "The Relation of Pastor to the Sabbath School;" "The Sabbath School and the Pulpit;" "The Tendency of the Sabbath School to Promote Christian Union;" "How to Keep the Older Scholars," &c. Published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

THE WIFE'S SECRET. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "The Rejected Wife," "Fashion and Famine," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SCHOOL ECONOMY. A Treatise on the Preparation, Organization, Employments, Government, and Authorities of School. By JAMES PYLE WICKERSHAM, A. M., Principal of the Pennsylvania State Normal School, Millersville, Penna. Mr. Wickersham's experience and position entitle his opinions and advice to the consideration of teachers generally. From the few glances we have been able to give his book, we are inclined to think highly of it. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS. By Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Bristol, Pa. With an Introduction by JOHN S. HART, LL. D. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston. Professor Hart says that "The pictures in this volume are so life-like as to have caused almost ludicrous mistakes; persons of whom the author never heard often imagining themselves to have sat for the portraits." The series of articles, when published in the Sunday School Times, attracted great attention among those interested in Sunday Schools, and their republication was frequently called for. For sale by J. C. Garrigues & Co., 148 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

COUNSEL AND COMFORT SPOKEN FROM A CITY PULPIT. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A WOMAN'S RANSOM. By FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBINSON, author of "Grandmother's Money," &c. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

THACKERAY THE HUMORIST AND THE MAN OF LETTERS.—The story of his Life and Literary Labors, including a Selection from his Characteristic Speeches, now for the First Time Gathered Together. By THEODORE TAYLOR, Esq. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not long since, said a friend, I was travelling through the Western states, and called on a worthy man with whom I had business to transact, and as he soon found I resided in his native town, he had many inquiries to make about his old neighbors and friends. During the evening my eyes would often wander to the beautiful features of his eldest daughter, who was so kind and gentle to the little ones, hushing them when their plays became too noisy, and joining occasionally in their sports. But I noticed that something troubled her, for a sadness like the shadow of a cloud on the meadow in summer would rest on her face, while her thoughts seemed far away. After I had conversed with her awhile, I said, "You seem sad—what troubles you? Has your lover gone to the war?"

She looked up so suddenly, I feared I had offended, then archly said, while a blush crimsoned her cheeks,

"How happened you to guess? But I have got used to his absence," she continued, "and the hardest of all to bear is that I have no paper to write him letters. He has written once a week ever since he went away, and that was nearly a year ago, but I have not answered his last three, and he says he fears I am forgetting him. The times are so hard in the West that I try to be prudent for father's sake, but it makes me feel pretty poor when we can't afford to buy a dozen sheets of paper. Father was sick all summer, and mother and I tried to get sewing, but there was not much to be found; for every one did her own work, through economy; then I taught the children at home because we could not pay their schooling; while nights and mornings I hoed in the garden and milked the cow. Finally with our other troubles, our fine cow died; and we felt then as though we had not much to encourage us, but still tried to do the best we could, hoping for better times. I did not write our troubles to Harry, but tried to speak happy and hopefully, for I know that soldiers should hear the bright side, if we would have them strong and brave in battle. I saved a half dollar to buy paper and letter stamps, but mother lacked just that amount to pay for the children's winter clothes, so I gave it up. I often think, when I see rich men's daughters pay so much for a hat or dress, that they do not know the value of money as the poor do. They do not anxiously think of the many things needed, and reason about what is needed most, before they part with their little store."

How few there are among the rich that possess the courage and self-reliance of this young girl, thought I, as she finished her simple history; and Harry has indeed a treasure in the possession of a heart so true and hopeful.

"Write Harry a long letter, to-morrow," said I, "and tell him you are not forgetting him; and here is a dollar for you. Remember, Katy, not to waste it foolishly," I continued, smiling, as the tears came into her eyes and her voice tremblingly whispered,

"God bless you for your kindness."

I never purchased so much true enjoyment with a dollar before; and I often think of Katy in her Western home, hoping that her lover may safely return, and that Providence has a brighter future awaiting her, to reward her noble heart.

MARY A. PIERSON.

☞ WHICH WAS IT?—Two rival illustrated papers, in England, recently selected as the subject for a sensation picture the accident to a man who got one of his arms mangled by lions at the Islington Agricultural Hall. In one picture, the lions are crunching away at the poor fellow's *right* arm, while in the other the ferocious brutes are represented gnawing the *left*. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice," as the showmen said.

☞ In view of the scarcity of small bills, and the high price of nails, Smith suggests that ten penny nails be used for dimes. This would relieve the business community, and give us a currency of solid basis. By this suggestion Smith protests that he does not desire to revive old political issues.

☞ The comet of 1810, a brilliant fellow with a tail one and a half degrees in length, is thought to be coming our way. Shall be glad to see him if he don't come too near.

☞ It is a source of great comfort to a man with but a dollar in his pocket to know that if he cannot invest in five-twenties, he can in twenty fives.

☞ The London Musical World declares that English organ-builders have such a mania for underbidding each other that cheapness is now the main quality demanded in an organ; and consequently English organs are now very big and very bad, and constantly deteriorating.

A LETTER FROM REBELDOM.

From a lady living in Rebeldom, by means of the underground railroad, we have received the following letter. The people of the North must not forget the sufferings of the loyal thousands under the despotic rule of the rebel chieftains:—

February 25th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST:—I have been hoping, for many long months, to see the great wall that shuts us in here tumbling to the ground, but have found "that wishing, of all employments, is the worst." This still seems to be the best defended point.

My object in writing is to tell you something of the dark days and seasons we have passed through in these *lower regions* of the United States. Can I ever forget those feelings of abject wretchedness we suffered when these troubles were coming on. We hoped till the last moment there would be no war—but the dark clouds which had so long threatened finally closed in upon us in all their midnight blackness. Virginia seceded, and we, with the State, were plunged in this horrible abyss—the Southern Confederacy. Cold shudders ran over us—forebodings of coming evil filled the mind. On every side we could see nothing but the dark shadows of coming events. There was much weeping; then all expected to be called out soon to have to fight for their own oppression, and against the old flag—the very thought was death. None but those who have gone through such scenes can imagine our feelings—none could remain silent in peace—all must come out rabid secesh, or be spotted with the Union plague, and persecuted without mercy. Most of the "true blue" chose the latter. The most intense excitement seized the people; they thought the unfortunate few who were born north of Mason and Dixon's line should be the first to rush out and volunteer to prove their loyalty. Mob-law became the order of the day, and talk of hanging this and that Union man one of the most popular topics. How could the spirit of truth abide in such a place? She unfurled her wings, and soared away in disgust. The wildest tales of the successes and bravery of the Southern soldiers, and all kinds of lies about suspected Union people were put in circulation. In the midst of all this we had nothing but Southern papers to read, which every week brought flaming accounts of another brilliant victory, and finished off with abuse of everything Northern, even down to the ladies. I have been surfeited with reading matter of that kind. Old friends turned coldly away, and have finally become bitter enemies; people that were once intimate friends now have no more communication with each other than if they lived a thousand miles apart. All the better feelings are crushed out—a mean spirit still reigns, though in a much more quiet way. We are becoming heathenish—we have not been to church in a long time. There was no comfort in going long as we did. Such sermons and presumptuous prayers; it was crucifying to listen to them. That the Lord was on "our side" no one could doubt, if hearing it proclaimed from the pulpit every Sabbath could influence the belief. One minister, when preaching, held up an envelope picked up on a battle-field, with the "old flag" on it. He spoke in all contempt possible of that "dirty little flag." Such proceedings were wound up with prayers for the Lord to give our enemies faint hearts and weak arms. Our minister stopped visiting us soon as the war broke out, and in different ways acted in a perfectly contemptible manner. The Union families have always clung together—bound by the deepest sympathies. We then felt as if we had been landed on some far off foreign shore, and were surrounded by a hostile people. How often I found myself asking the question, can this be America, the boasted land of freedom? Surely these times cannot be real. This must be a horrible nightmare, but I cannot shake it off.

A short time before the Federal army came on—they were here the summer of '62—all suspected Union men were arrested and dragged off to the old R——— prisons. They did not take an active enough part. They took our only brother with us. What we suffered while he was lying there can never be told. Thank the Lord, those seven black months are past. In the meantime, we were harrassed almost to death with perplexing business matters, and with all kinds of petty annoyances. Those were the times that tried women's souls. We hailed the approach of the Northern army with silent delight. We felt, under their protection, a security we had long been strangers to, and when we heard they were preparing to leave we felt as if we were about to lose the last friend on earth. A number of families left nearly their all, and went with them—unwilling to stay and go through any more such trials. How wretchedly we felt! We met a number of them on the road, with what few things they could carry in their wagons and carriages. It was a sad sight—the tearful eyes and deathlike countenances. They had just bid their comfortable homes good-bye, and were leaving nearly their all to the mercy of bitter foes; enough to sadden, after all the persecution they had gone through, to leave in toto way.

Two ladies were leaving husbands away down in Salisbury, in prison. We passed their houses all shut up. They looked so lonely; the familiar faces we had so lately seen in and around them were gone. I turned away—the sight was too painful. Such feelings of wretched loneliness have to be felt to be understood; and when we soon after heard the Union army was indeed gone, we felt as if we were fastened up in the regions of darkness, death, and long despair. We felt imprisoned—no communication with friends—no more Northern papers. We were at the mercy of their wildest tales.

The military authorities here have burnt incense to Jeff at different times; they burned a good deal of cotton and manufactured tobacco to keep it from being sold to the "Yankees." We have had no civil law since the war; individual interests are not considered; everything must bend to carry on the war.

Those arrests made by the Federals while here, have had a salutary effect upon the people, besides effecting the release of those Union men taken from this place. It seems to have cured them of that propensity. A fear of retaliation keeps people from doing many things.

The Northern army has often since been so near we have heard the crack of their musketry, and the very earth seemed to shake with the booming cannon. There has been fighting so near we could hear the horrid yells. Oh! the intense excitement at such times! We would hang like life and death on their moves; and when the sound of cannon would become more distant, it has always sounded like a death-knell in our ears. Some of our cavaliers think it fair in war to *capture* everything they can lay hands on, even down to twisting off old setting hens' necks. After seeing so much, and hearing more of "our soldiers'" thieving propensities, and wanton destruction of property, I ask what has become of the boasted Southern chivalry?

In my "heart of hearts," I am thoroughly disgusted with life in Rebeldom. We feel something like the last of a race that is dying out.

The papers have lately changed their tunes. Some one has just discovered there is plenty of provisions in the country. They are now saving all they can to encourage both the soldiers and the citizens. "We" are going to do big things in the spring; the north is getting despondent, so they tell us. WE will have plenty of men in the field when the 17 to 50 men come out. How they hate it. Our Congress has lately passed the act taking out all between those ages for the war.

Our currency is now worth a cent on a dollar, but it will soon be more valuable than GOLD. The people will be taxed to death to call it in. There is great *wisdom* in the secret sessions; they will soon set the Confederacy straight. Those men who were most violent in persecuting others and pushing them in the army, are the first to try to get themselves exempted. It is astonishing what subterfuges many resort to. Jeff Davis has now absolute power to call out or exempt whom he pleases. One rebel paper proposes hanging or putting in the chain-gang all Federal deserters. They are afraid to trust them.

March 1st. I wrote this expecting to send it last week—but when it reached the starting point, the *train was off*. I have just returned from a long ride—in almost every direction the devastating effects of the war are to be seen, houses riddled by shells from both armies—and in some places—where "our soldiers" have camped—the farms are lying out all fenceless and forlorn. A few nights ago, as we listened to the music of General ———'s band, sent out to give a general serenade, we felt so sad. It was under different circumstances when we last heard a brass band. The stars and stripes were floating—and Uncle Sam's uniform was dashing through the country. The stores look "poor indeed." Yesterday I was in a number of the most respectable looking ones. The prices were startling. I saw only a few pieces of calico; it was $10 and $12 per yard; bleached cotton the same price. Common-looking second-hand barege and delaine dresses were $150 apiece. I paid $3 for a spool of cotton; the merchant said it would soon be $5. Mean-looking shoes were on the shelves, some looked as if they had been worn. Brown sugar is $15 per pound—it is too bad indeed. Coffee $16 per pound. Molasses $40 to $50 per gallon. Tea $70 a pound. Bacon $6. Butter $6 to $8 per pound. Lard $5. Indigo $60 per pound. Salt is the only cheap article in this part of the country. Dentists charge from $25 to $50 for plugging a tooth. Merchants think the prices will continue to advance. A good many secessionists have sneaked off to the North with their families at different times. They have gone to enjoy the benefits of a government they pretend to despise, and are doing all they can against it. They have regular lines of communication with friends here—and send down all the important information they can get. The government has agents all over the country to snatch up all grain and vegetables—for sale—for the army. I am glad B. Bragg has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army. I admired his *movements* in Kentucky and Tennessee, particularly at Lookout Mountain. I would like so much to see the old Post. There are many pleasant—but such sad—associations connected with it, it brings other days to mind, when friends were smiling round, and we were altogether; now all are scattered and gone—everything is sadly changed. Our parents are sleeping their last sleep: some members of the family left and fled, when the war commenced; ever since I have felt that there was a great gulf between them and me. We will still hope

> "That sorrows will not last forever,
> Brighter times will come again."

Very respectfully.

☞ General Meade claims that it was his intention to have turned Lee's right flank at Gettysburg, and to have placed his own army between the Confederates and the Potomac before giving general battle. He says that he was perfectly confident of his ability to defeat Lee, and could then have captured him bag and baggage, but that General Sickles, by disobeying orders, advanced his corps too far, got it involved, and it then became necessary to engage the whole army in order to save Sickles. Meade says that it cost three thousand men to repair the blunder of which General Sickles was guilty; and in this view General Halleck, otherwise hostile to Meade, fully sustains him.

☞ A clergyman of the kirk having given out, to be sung, a portion of the fifty-first Psalm, beginning at the seventeenth verse, he read, as was customary, the commencing line: "With hyssop purge me, Lord." Not being able to adapt the tune, after considerable piping, the chief chorister rose and said: "Reverend sir, will ye please to try another arb, for we can do naething ava wi' hyssop."

☞ It is the law in Japan, that no fir or cypress tree can be cut down without the permission of a magistrate; and for every full-grown tree that is felled a sapling must be planted.

☞ One of the agents of an insurance company in Hartford, in sending a small remittance of $12,000 from the West, the other day, wrote upon the foot of the check, "Good for burns!"

THE COLLEEN BAWN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Plaintive is the pibroch's wail,
Softly breathes the Switzer's flute,
Tender sighs Æolia's lute;
But softer, sweeter than them all,
The Colleen Bawn's clear notes do fall.

Brightly shine the stars above,
Softly beams the glance of love;
Diamonds glitter e'en at night;
Dark eyes thrill with wild delight.
But Colleen Bawn's soft eyes do shine
With radiance that is all divine.

Ravishing are Venus' charms;
White as snow fair Juno's arms;
Iris glows with rainbow light;
Hebe blooms in beauty's might.
But all these glories summed in one
Adorn the lovely Colleen Bawn.

Ah, how those eastern lands are blessed,
Where houris sport and take their rest;
How happy is the south of France,
Where soft eyes beam and light feet dance.
But dazzling, peerless, all alone,
Our Colleen Bawn holds beauty's throne

F. D.

NEWS ITEMS.

LABOR is so scarce in Missouri that good farms are offered, in eligible locations, at five dollars, ten dollars, and fifteen dollars an acre, their owners being glad to dispose of property which they cannot make available at almost any price.

THE Sanitary Fairs recently held at Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Albany, Brooklyn, Cleveland, and Buffalo, have realized $1,002,000.

THE Toronto Globe is disposed to credit the rumor that Queen Victoria intends to abdicate the throne in favor of the Prince of Wales.

A NEW style of shell, invented by Capt. William S Williams, of Ohio, has recently been successfully experimented with at Vicksburg, in a 20 pound Parrott gun. One shell, weighing twenty pounds, was, by his means of explosion, broken into one hundred and twenty-seven pieces, which surpasses any of a similar kind now in use.

AMONG the inscriptions on the tombstones in the rebel graveyard at Bolton Station, Virginia, is the following: "A coward. 9 h Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, died Dec. 4, 1861."

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—Many contradictory assertions have been made about the exchange of prisoners, but a gentleman direct from Fortress Monroe informs your correspondent that General Butler is continuing the exchange, neither has he been instructed to stop. He sends up a steamboat load of rebels, and receives in return Union prisoners, the exchanges being conducted under the old cartel, *man for man*. We have many more white prisoners of theirs than they have of ours, and when we have received the last white Union prisoners in the rebel hands, they will have to send the colored Union prisoners in order to get the rest of their men.—*Washington Cor N Y. Commercial.*

LENDING AN ARM.—There is something exquisitely touching in the remarks made by Col. Waugelin, who lost his right arm in the charge at the battle of Pea Ridge, at the supper commemorating the second anniversary of that battle, given in St Louis. Allusion having been made to his loss, Col. Waugelin said "that he did not think that he was so much to be pitied after all, for he had obtained his full share of the good things on the table. Gen. Gray had helped him to fish, and Gen. McNeil had carved his meat for him, and so it would be in life—he would always find kind friends to aid him and lend him an arm when required."

THE QUOTA OF PENNSYLVANIA.—An investigation of the official figures discloses the fact that when credit is given to Pennsylvania for enlistments in the regular and marine service and the navy, her quota under the call for 500,000 men will be nearly if not quite full. The statement published a few days since that the deficiency of Pennsylvania was 74 000 men is incorrect, that being the entire number of men due from the state under all the calls, allowing no credit for veteran volunteers and new recruits since January 31st.

☞ SURNAMES.—Before the Conquest, surnames were not used in England; but the Normans adopted a second name by way of distinction, and it usually expressed either some personal quality, as Rufus the Red, or indicated some post at court, or was the name of a family estate, in which last case "de" was prefixed.

☞ The Cincinnati Enquirer is informed from a most reliable authority that very many of the advertisements of "correspondence wanted," published by women in one of the prominent papers of that city, are answered by convicts in the penitentiary at Columbus. The convicts append to their signatures or state in the body of their letters, that they are in the employ of the Government. A Penitentiary convict is a very fitting person to hold correspondence with those women who so far forget the modesty and propriety of their sex as to advertise for a correspondence with strangers.

☞ An ice merchant in Waltham, Mass., the other day, devised a novel mode of getting his ice to his warehouse in an inexpensive fashion. He sent down the river an "ice raft," one acre in extent, eighteen inches thick, and weighing sixteen hundred tons, with two horses upon it busily at work "grooving," a horse and buggy, and the national flag thrown to the breeze.

☞ An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

THE POWER OF WORDS.

There is a passage in the Bible which teaches that what comes out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes in. We are told in the same book that it is better to live upon very plain food with those that love us, than to feed upon luxuries which are given with unkind words. Now, I believe that almost all brothers and sisters, almost all parents and children, love one another. But in some families they think it is very silly to say anything about it, and you might pass a week with them and never hear a single affectionate word. They never say to each other: "I love you," or "That is right, dear," or "You are a good boy." They do not like to say "Thank you," if they can help it; and if you were to ask them why they act thus, they would say: "What is the use of always saying soft things? My friends know that I love them. When things are all right, I have no thing to say; when they are wrong, it will be soon enough to speak." Now, you, children, do not believe this. You are very fond of kind words. You like to be reminded of all the pleasant things. If you have beautiful eyes and a homely nose, you will like much better to hear your mother say, "There comes my bright-eyed little girl," than to hear her always greeting you with "Good morning, Miss Snub-nose." Both expressions have truth in them, but one is a pleasant truth, and the other is not.

Now, in order to make each other happy, we must keep the pleasant truths always in sight. If we feel kindly towards any one, we should show it by our conduct, so that there can be no mistake about it. There are some parents that work very hard for their children, and buy them many things when they have not money enough to be comfortable themselves, and yet would almost choke if they tried to say the words, "Thank you, my son; you are a great comfort to me." And there are some children who cannot remember that they ever received a kiss or a word of endearment from either of their parents. Children never like this neglect, and yet they often behave in just the same way themselves. Some children are always teasing their brothers and sisters, and saying provoking things that will be sure to vex them. They only mean to make them a little uncomfortable—not much, only a little. Some children never thank their parents for any kindness; they never say, "Mother, does your head ache?" They never ask if there is any little favor that they can do. They have the habit of never saying any kind words, and they would feel ashamed to begin. They ought to be ashamed to have waited so long.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks and on the tops of hills, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood, in plain sight of all these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it—if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime—they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and if you live there, you will envy the dog, when any one calls him "poor fellow."—*Dr. Holland.*

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, says that he had a sow which would not own her pigs, and that after trying various things without effect, he gave her *a pint of rum*, which had the desired result. The rum was put into the swill, and, he says, "she drank it like an old toper, and was perfectly quiet for three or four hours afterwards." The Maine Farmer says the same prescription will prevent sows from eating their young. We suppose the rum makes them feel comfortable.

☞ A Scotchman in Africa, after his first bottle of brandy, used to take another in his pocket, put on a pair of enormous boots, and wander about in the jungle till he had finished the bottle; then he would lie down wherever he happened to be, and go peaceably to sleep. One morning he did not return as usual. His people went into the wood to look for him. To their horror they found that a swarm of drivers (a kind of ants) had fallen in with him. Even his boots had been eaten up. A ghastly and clean picked skeleton with a few scattered boot-nails alone were left to tell the tale!—*Reade's Travels.*

☞ Postmaster Wakeman, of New York, offers employment for six boys whose fathers have lost their lives in battle during the present war. Here is a fine example.

☞ A gentleman has given us for publication the following receipt for making good wholesome soup. He obtained it of his landlord: "Take three buckets of water, four onions, two long-legged collard leaves, and a small beef bone, and put them in a large pot over the smoke. When the pot boils stir with a tallow candle and add one pint of common salt, that has been used in pickling pork."

PROGRESS OF THE UNION IN THE SOUTH.

A Cairo correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:—

I will speak now of most strange and unexpected affairs. I learn from the most undoubted sources that in New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, and in smaller places where we have permanent military posts, nothing has become more common than for our soldiers to marry the women of the country. At Memphis, from fifteen to twenty such marriages occur weekly. Let us look at this with the light which social science gives us. Naturally, men establish and live in society. Whatever may be their occupation—fighting, trading or farming—they will associate in society, and the foundation of this is the family relation. Where opportunity affords, no great length of time can pass in which society will not be organized. It is now from two to three years that we have held most of the places named, and, as a consequence, men without wives, and women without husbands, unite to form a new society, for the old one was, if not destroyed, greatly disrupted, and this, without regard to the fact that formerly they were bitterly opposed to each other.

Society is stronger than armies. It flourishes equally in savage and civilized countries, and it survives the wreck of the proudest empires. Women will not see themselves grow old and always refuse the offers made them; men will make offers to such women as they see longest and most.

* * * * * *

These Southern women see no chance of those they preferred ever coming back. They have waited long, and they are sorry for them, but it is no fault of theirs that their friends, the rebels, however fierce and determined they may be, cannot retake their lost cities and counties, and they are not going to throw away their lives for men whom they are not likely ever to see again. Hence they accept as husbands their conquerors. Some of these marriages may not be sincere, as elsewhere, but the most of them will last with life, and are founded on sincere attachment.

At first widows with large property and no one to attend to it accepted Union husbands, hoping, and with good grounds, to save their wealth. I know of several young men of good qualities who thus have become rich. I know of one who in a month after marriage sold $50 000 worth of cotton, which the widow for six months had tried to sell in vain. Other ladies, whose fathers and brothers were in the rebel army, and had no homes, married; and now, some with fair means and good homes, and who also are well educated, are proud of a gay officer for a husband. There has always been an idea among the women of the South that Northern men make the best husbands. Whether this is true or not is doubtful, but it is certain that multitudes of our officers have every accomplishment, and are skilled in all the arts which attract women. In the ball-room, the parlor or at promenade they act the perfect gentlemen; and if the subject of discourse be literature, art or philosophy, or even matters of practical life, they are ready to instruct or amuse.

So long as we continue to possess the country these marriages will increase. There are men enough in the army who might never marry at the North, to furnish husbands to all who want, and yet leave few or none among us disappointed. The novelty of these matches will attract many who did not propose to marry.

It is evident from this that in a few years more, the rebel soldiers will be forgotten in the places where they were born, and should they return they will find, beside their houses and lands being occupied by others, that their women have become the wives of their enemies.

Every reflecting mind must see that these events will powerfully contribute to destroy prejudice, to produce a common language, and a lasting peace.

We may look on this matter with surprise, but history is repeating itself.

N. C. M.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,
A docile mind subservient to correction,
Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection—
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection;
Of candor, sense, and wit, a good collection,
Enough of love for one who needs protection,
To scorn the words, I'll keep her in subjection;
Wisdom to keep him right in each direction,
Nor claim a weaker vessel's imperfection!
Should I e'er meet with such in my connection,
Let him propose, I'll offer no objection.

☞ We notice, by the New Hampshire Statesman, that the Republicans of the town of Lebanon elected as Representatives in the Legislature two clergymen, viz: Rev. Charles A. Downs, pastor of the Congregational Society, and Rev. George W. Bailey, pastor of the Universalist Society. This exhibits a Union feeling in Lebanon in a double sense.

☞ DANGEROUS LOZENGES.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest in London recently, on an infant poisoned by a lozenge containing the forty-eighth part of a grain of morphia, which had been given it for a cough. The coroner, as a warning, related the case of an infant's death having been caused by the 180th part of a grain.

☞ Mr. Punch thinks that the most appropriate title for the little prince would be "Duke of Cornwall," seeing that he must necessarily remain so long a minor, (*minor.*)

☞ The editor of the Springfield (Ohio) Republic is collecting materials for a history of the part Ohio has taken in the war of the rebellion.

☞ J B Gough has refused nine hundred invitations to lecture this season.

LATEST NEWS.

Paducah, Ky., was captured by Forrest, with a force 5,000 men, on Saturday morning. The rebels made three assaults upon the fort below the city, but were repulsed each time. During the rebel occupancy our gunboats shelled the place, and much of it was burned. The enemy left on Sunday morning, after burning the government storehouses. Our loss was 12 killed and 40 wounded, and that of the rebels is reported at from 150 to 300, including Gen. Thompson.

The rebel forces which entered Kentucky are under the command of Forrest and Faulkner, and are moving towards Clinton. They were between Columbus and Mayfield on the 26th. Their forces, though crippled, are stronger than was at first supposed. Between 1,200 and 1,500 wounded have reached Mayfield from Paducah.

The rebels attacked Union City, Tenn., on Thursday, and the place was surrendered by Col. Hawkins, commanding 400 of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry.

Alexandria, La., was surrendered to Admiral Porter's fleet on the 13 h.

The army in Western Louisiana is moving, and General Lee's cavalry advance had occupied New Iberia.

Three days later news from Europe has been received. By the bursting of the Sheffield reservoir two hundred and fifty persons had been drowned. The Florida received coal, provisions and water at Madeira on the 4th. It is stated that England and Russia are endeavoring to induce Denmark to accept an armistice. The Austrians have entered Aarhus, marching on Frederica. The bombardment of the Duppel fortifications had been commenced. An important engagement occurred on the 13 h, at Sunderwett, but no particulars are given.

☞ An author (says Bulwer) dedicated a work to Richelieu. In the dedication, referring to the "Siege of Rochelle," he complimented the cardinal with the word hero. When the dedication was submitted to Richelieu for approval, he scratched out "Heros," and substituted "Demi-Dieu," (demigod.)

☞ Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore oil paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape, which was stolen from him two years ago.

☞ There is an anecdote of an honest Irishman, whose mingled sense of the duty of gratitude and the awkwardness of obligation, found vent in the characteristic aspiration: "Oh, that I could see your honor knocked down in a fight! Sure and wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue."

☞ A Medici, we read, had a splendid Stradivarius violin, and it was lately sold in Paris, at auction, for some $1,200!

☞ THE SNOW BUSINESS.—Gen. Grant remarked to a friend that he hoped to get away from Washington speedily, as he was "tired of the show business."

☞ A recently married gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. Rather unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on the 21st of December.

☞ A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "he was one of the few. You cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

☞ A Manchester poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words: "Ye femi-nines!"

☞ GOLD FISH.—The beautiful little fish, called in this country "gold and silver fish," were originally natives of China and Japan, where they are held in great estimation, and are called *kiuys*. From China the English carried some of them to the Island of St. Helena, and from thence the captain of one of our East India ships brought some of them to England, in the year 1778.

☞ A lady pianist has lately appeared in Holland who enjoys the singular advantage, to one in her profession, of having six fingers on each hand, the supplementary finger adjoining the little finger, and resembling the thumb of another hand. She plays the piano with much brilliancy, making much use of the supplementary finger. Her six fingered gloves are manufactured expressly for the lady in Paris. She also has six toes on each foot.

☞ SEVERE WINTER.—Letters from Venice state that the cold there has been unusually severe this winter. The whole of the lagunes have been frozen over, and could be crossed in safety by foot-passengers from Cannareggio to Mestre, and from Murano to Fundamente Nuovo. So severe a winter has not been known in Venice since 1788.

☞ A correspondent of the Pittsburg Chronicle writing from Frederick, Md., says: "You remember John G. Whittier's poem about 'Barbara Frietchie' and her daring resolution in flaunting the Stars and Stripes in the face of Stonewall Jackson and his column, as he marched through Frederick on the first Maryland campaign. Ever since the lines were published, I have always associated Barbara's name with Frederick, and she was the first person I inquired for. Poor Barbara, I am sorry to say, is dead. The incident described by the poet is founded upon fact, with less poetic license than is usually allowed under similar circumstances."

☞ In England the coffins from overcrowded burial grounds are dug up, dried and ground, and used as an ingredient in the adulteration of coffee.

CHESTNUT STREET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Good morning, my friend! Do you look so gay
Because you enjoy this beautiful day?
Yes, warm enough for the first of May;
  A pleasant change in the weather.
Winter is over the prophets say;
That's enough to make any one gay.
Do you chance to be going down this way?
  If so, we'll walk on together.

What did you ask me? Where am I bound?
Nowhere particular—strolling around
Looking for anything new to be found,
  I had no business worth mention.
Suppose we turn into Chestnut Street—
In the busy throng of hurrying feet
That is always there, we may often meet
  Something to call attention.

Here we are! The street's alive!
Swarms of people like bees in a hive—
Bustling crowds who jostle and strive—
  Hurry, and rush and motion.
Wealth and poverty, side by side,
Want and beggary, fashion and pride,
Mingle and meet in the human tide,
  Like the waves of a turbulent ocean.

The ladies are out in their Spring array,
Looking as fresh as the flowers in May.
There is an ambulance coming this way,
  With a wounded soldier within it.
Such sights as that are common now—
Ah, me! a war brings weight of woe.
Heavily rests the sin I trow
  On the brows of those who begin it.

Here is a regiment marching along;
Splendid fellows, brave and strong,
And waving proudly over the throng,
  The banner we love is gleaming.
That is the sunny side of war—
Pity there is another to mar—
Pity the light of Liberty's star
  Be dimmed by the life-blood streaming.

That is a handsome carriage and pair—
Mrs. Million, proud and fair,
With brow and lip untouched by care,
  Taking her morning airing.
There is a young girl passing by,
With as fair a brow and as bright an eye,
But for her the word is "work or die;"
  And she works, though near despairing.

Varied and strange the scenes you meet
In the busy throng of hurrying feet
Ever swelling in Chestnut Street,
  With noise, and rush and motion.
Riches and poverty, fashion and pride,
Sin and innocence side by side,
Mingle and join in the human tide
  Like the waves of a stormy ocean.

THE LOST PLANTER.

Many may remember the story of the lost Australian stockman, who wandered over one hundred and eighty miles from home, but was tracked by some native blacks and found, yet whose nerves had been so wrought upon that he soon after died a lunatic.

I assisted once in hunting three days for a man who was lost, and who never was seen again by any one, either dead or alive. The lost man was a Captain J——— (it would do no good to give his real name), a man universally esteemed for his kind heart by all who knew him, but who, at the time he wandered away, was not in very good health, although perfectly sane, an old wound received in the Mexican war often giving him a great deal of pain. He was, too, of a cheerful, sanguine disposition, and in very good circumstances, having a large cotton plantation, and therefore not at all a likely person to commit suicide if sane; though, that he did finally become deranged from despair, from the great heat of the sun—for it was July, when he felt himself utterly lost—I feel no doubt. He was a man, too, who had passed most of his life in cities and society, and was unused to the solitary life a hunter often leads, and knew nothing of woodcraft—an art which, although it may be sneered at in the schools, is yet worth something in a wild country. For myself, if lost in an American wilderness, I would rather meet the most unlettered buckskinned backwoodsman than the greatest philosopher in the world. I had started with a friend to hunt deer upon the prairie, and after we had ridden some two hours, and were approaching a stream called Peyton's Creek, we observed two mounted men galloping towards us. As they came nearer, we recognized them as two neighboring planters, Colonel D——— and Mr. R———. The first said, when he pulled up his horse,

"Have you seen anything of Captain J———?"

"No; why, is there anything the matter?"

"His horse came home yesterday without him. His overseer thought perhaps that he had dismounted to look at the fence, or perhaps to put up a fallen rail, and that, whilst doing so, his horse had escaped from him. When, however, he did not come home to dinner, the man grew uneasy, and sent out Lance, the plantation hunter. Lance tracked the horse out to the prairie, and for some distance towards this creek; but, as it was seven miles across the timber here, and being unmounted, he returned. In the woods road he found the animal's back-track, and that too led from this direction. R——— and I have been along the edge of the timber, blowing our hunting-horns and shouting, but have received no answer. Will you two ride back to the settlement, and get as many men as you can to come and seek for him? After that, separate and ride to some of the nearest plantations, and give the alarm. J——— is so universally respected, every one will turn out to look for him. R——— and I will return up the prairie, and warn our neighbors; and, as it would be dark by the time we could return, suppose we all meet here at Peyton's Creek bridge by daylight, or as soon after as possible, and hunt the forest upon both sides thoroughly."

Peyton's Creek was a place where no man who had the faintest idea of woodcraft could have been lost. It ran nearly or quite due north and south. In no place was the forest more than a mile and a half wide to the water, or from the western to the eastern prairies more than three miles; and in some, indeed many places, it was not from one prairie to the other more than four hundred yards; and therefore, with a bright sun to guide him, the veriest tyro ought to have been able to point his course east or west, and so gain the open. A lost man, however, does not think nor reflect—he is confused, and wanders about as aimlessly as a sheep. No real hunter ever jeers at a man's account of how he has been lost: he remembers a time when even he, a skilled woodsman, has found it no easy matter to disentangle himself from the forest—theory and practice being two different things. I can quite understand the emigrant's exclamation, when he first found himself well out at sea, as he looked all around him at the distant horizon: "Well! I always was taught that the world was round, but I never believed it till now."

How many home sportsmen ever think of finding their way about our English woods by their shadows or the points of the compass? It is, however, not very necessary here, few of our woods being large enough for a blind puppy to get lost in.

I have often seen fairly-educated men in some respects—men who, as boys at school, have often found the difference of time between London and New York on their slates, yet at sea they have been puzzled by their watches having half an hour's difference daily between their time and the ship's clock; quite forgetting that, as the ship made easting or westing, she either made or lost time, their school education having never practically been put to the proof.

Daylight found more than forty persons assembled to hunt for the missing man, many of them experienced hunters and trackers, half of whose lives had been passed in the wilderness, on the trail of wild animals or wilder men. Had these men met for the purpose of tracking a bear to his den, many would have been the boast and joke upon the certainty of their success; but now, although there was no lack of confidence, it was expressed gravely, for the lost was well known and liked, and the loss of time might prove serious to Captain J———; though, that he would be found dead or alive, none doubted, as there had been no rain to obliterate his tracks.

Lance, the hunter, had been untiring in his exertions to find traces of his employer, and had succeeded in tracking the horse to a cow trail which led through the timber to the bank of the creek. He found, too, where the bridle had been fastened to a sapling, from which it had either slipped or had been worked loose by the horse in his efforts to graze, or from his having been irritated by insects—mosquitoes and gad-flies being at that season very troublesome in the creek bottoms. To find the captain's foot-tracks was the next thing to be done, and these were soon discovered; they led down the steep bank of the creek, and then back again, as though he had been down to the water for a draught after his hot ride across the prairie; and it seems probable that he mistook the cattle-trail in returning to his horse, as they intersected the woods in all directions, the summer's sun having dried up the prairie ponds and other streams, except such as this, which was a spring-fed running stream, and at this time frequented by the wild, half-wild and tame animals for miles around. None but Indian eyes, or men who had been trained in their wild school, could have possibly followed the scarcely perceptible traces over that sun-baked ground; but the men who led the trail, although they proceeded slowly, scarcely halted for more than half a minute at a time. Occasionally the leaders would fall back to let others take their places, but the pursuit moved on unrelaxingly. About the middle of the afternoon the trackers came upon a black silk neckerchief hanging upon a bush. From the manner in which it hung it was surmised that he had removed it from his throat on account of the heat, and had put it in his pocket carelessly; and it was supposed that a fluttering end might have been caught by the twig upon which it hung, and thus drawn from his pocket without his missing it. At any rate, it was a sign we were upon the right track, and it redoubled the exertions of the men, now that they were certain that so far their efforts had not been wasted.

Night ended our first day's search, and we camped upon the trail; and as soon as we had satisfied our hunger—one of the hunters having shot a yearling beeve—we rolled ourselves up under the smokes from our camp fires, not for warmth, but to get rid of the mosquitoes, and tried to sleep, so that we might renew our exertions in the morning.

No time was lost. The following morning, long before the sun lit up the forest, we were preparing our breakfasts, ready for a start so soon as it should be possible for us to lift the trail. As the day before, the search was continued, the hunters relieving each other at intervals. The first thing found was the stump of a smoked cigar, which the captain had probably used to relieve his hunger; for, being no sportsman, he had no arms with him fit to kill game with. The smoked cigar proved, however, that he had the means of making a fire. The search was necessarily slow, much more so than the speed the lost man had used; for he, probably urged by despair, had at times sullenly plodded along, at others, as was evidenced by his tracks, he had rushed recklessly on, as though fear or frenzy had goaded him into a run. Towards mid-day his waistcoat was found hanging upon a dead branch, close to the bank of the creek, and evidently placed there intentionally; it was still slightly wet, and some of the men thought he had been into the creek; others, older and cooler, pronounced it to be perspiration, and it had probably been discarded on account of the heat.

The tracks here were evidently recently made, and although we had found no signs of a camp fire, the omission was easily accounted for; the nights were warm, he had nothing to cook, or he might have used his only match to light his cigar with, perhaps not knowing that it was his last.

Night again prevented the continuance of the pursuit, and we passed the night as the previous one.

Daylight again enabled us to go on, and the trackers pressed forward eagerly and as fast as it was prudent, so as not to overrun his footsteps, for all felt how weary, and hopeless, and hungry he must be by this time, if alive, as it was the fifth day since he had ridden from his house. The trail had led us down the stream, which, as it approached Matagorda Bay, into which it emptied itself, gradually became wider, and the water brackish, as it was influenced by the tide. The banks, too, became less steep as the creek increased in width.

At last we came to his hat and boots; in the hat three cigars were, seemingly, carefully placed; then his tracks showed that he had gone into the creek.

A few of the hunters went back to where the stream was shallower, so that they could cross and look if he had crossed over to the other side; but, though they carefully inspected the opposite banks, they could find no traces of him.

After the planters had consulted together, Colonel D——— said, "A great number of you are poor men who cannot afford to lose your time. We (the planters) are willing to subscribe two hundred dollars for you to continue the search for the body, as no hope remains that poor Captain J——— is alive; and I think I can promise that his family will join us in offering a reward of five hundred dollars for its recovery; at all events, I will pay my proportion." The men knew the search to be hopeless; they persevered nevertheless; but they well knew there were too many alligators and gars in that water for a sunken corpse ever to float again.

This was the melancholy end of one of the kindest men I ever knew; one who was always foremost in volunteering to nurse and sit up with any of his neighbors; for, in a thinly-settled country, these deeds of charity are incumbent upon all. There are no paid nurses there, and each in sickness helps his brother settler. Not six weeks before he met with his own death, I saw him sitting up with a neighbor's sick child, and nursing it with all a woman's tenderness.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as proper economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continued leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries "More!" like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious.

☞ The physician who is advertising to cure "all kinds of female weaknesses," must be the most wonderful of all possible doctors.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

I.

As breezes stir the morning,
  A silence reigns in air;
Steel blue the heavens above me,
  Moveless the trees and bare:
Yet unto me the stillness
  This burthen seems to bring,—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
  Waiting for the Spring."

II.

Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
  Rough oak, and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
  Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
  Hath ceas'd her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
  Waiting for the Spring.

III.

I strain mine ears to listen,
  If haply where I stand,
But one stray note of music
  May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
  O thrush, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
  Waiting for the Spring.

IV.

O heart! thy days are darksome;
  O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
  Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
  Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
  Waiting for the Spring.

W. J. L.

A SKATING RINK IN CANADA.

Am I living? awake? or dreaming? Entering from the darkness of a moonless night, I am dazzled and blinded by a blaze of radiance. Gas sparkles in a thousand burners; flashes against burnished reflectors, which glitter like pure silver; lies full upon draperies in blue, scarlet, and white lines; and loses itself in the intricacy of evergreen wreaths, garlands, and festoons. When my eye begins to accommodate itself to what I have to see, it ranges through a vast hall, rather rudely raised, in truth, upon a wooden framework, but brilliant, in effect, like a gala night of the Caliph Haroun. Except a raised platform all round the walls, the floor is spread with an immense mirror, upon whose surface the reflected lights quiver, and which shines, smooth, hard and bright, like polished steel. It is crowded with figures of both sexes in fantastic dresses, who glide over the surface with a swimming, undulating motion, exquisitely graceful; while a mass of spectators, scarcely less gaily dressed, people the platform. From somewhere overhead floats out a succession of the most brilliant and lively strains that music can produce.

Is it real? modern? and European? European it is not. It is an American skating rink, and this evening is a masquerade night. I gaze with a vivid and eager curiosity. To me, a stranger, it is infinitely novel, strange, and exciting. On the ice hundreds of young girls, every other one of whom is pretty, or certainly looks pretty to-night, and of whom many are strikingly handsome—all alike set off with every device that can aggravate their charms—sway and flit about through the mazes of the crowd, seldom singly, but holding the hand of either a laughing companion or of some favored cavalier. Sometimes a chain of these young beauties, hand in hand, comes sailing forward in line; sometimes a doubly happy youth leads forth one on either side. The most intricate and graceful evolutions are accomplished with an ease of which it would be hard to say whether it excites the greater wonder or admiration. These coquettish damsels scorch their admirers with a general blaze of scarlet—which is the ruling color—mercifully toned down, subdued, and harmonised by rich, soft, dark furs. There is fur everywhere—fur encircling the fair, round, rosy cheeks; fur coiled round the white neck; fur on the wrists, and a fringe of fur edging the neat little natty boot. Black eyes sparkle; blue eyes softly gleam: each cast wicked and exasperating glances. There are "affairs" without end. Cupid opens the door of admission, and Hymen closes that at which many a pair passes out.

Now and then a fall happens. A glance of an ankle, perhaps a momentary glimpse of an inch or two more, is lost in enviously voluminous folds of feminine knickerbockers of scarlet cashmere. Officious fair ones hasten to help up their mishappy sister, and ringing and joyous laughter proclaims and celebrates the event. When a gentleman tumbles, the merriment runs over. What fate could he desire better than to afford amusement to these lovely creatures?

All is beauty, grace, youth, life and happiness, joy and enjoyment. With a scene like this, care and gloom have nothing in common. Here nothing but what is gay has any place. It is a supreme moment, plucked from life's rosebush; a flowery spray without thorns.

A galloping polka is racing over the strings of the fiddles. The mirth waxes fast and furious. From where I stand I see the crowd gradually fall back and give place to a young lady, who advances alone down the whole length of the rink. She is tall and beautifully formed; but a shock thrills through the frame as one looks at her. She is dressed in the deepest mourning, not a particle of anything but what is black finds place about her. She comes slowly forward, while all, on either side, pause in silence and stillness with a hushed solemnity. The music, as though struck with the same instantaneous inaction, whether played out or not, comes to an end. A dead silence drops upon the spell-bound assembly. The originator of this extraordinary change skates on listlessly, languidly, carelessly. I can see that she stretches forth her arm, and that her fingers twitch convulsively, as if endeavoring to grasp some imaginary hand. As she approaches nearer, I discover that great beauty is fading away and leaving a sculptured face, paler than the palest marble, upon whose either cheek there glows one bright, burning, hectic spot, a round spot like the red sun showing through a white mist. She looks at nobody, seems to see nobody, and alas! alas! when my eyes seek to meet hers, they encounter only the stony glare of orbs from which the light of reason has been darkened and shut out. Her dress, too, betokens insanity. It hangs loosely upon her, manifestly uncared for—always a sad sight in woman—and is tagged over with shreds of crape, meaninglessly stuck on in one place and another, intermixed with bugles and other shabby scraps of ghastly ornament. Oh, what a melancholy spectacle was there! Young—she looked no more than seventeen or eighteen—lovely, innocent; and brought to so pitiable a pass! And what a frightful contrast to the boisterous gaiety upon which she had intruded, and upon which she had stricken a chill, well-nigh as icy, cold, and joyless as herself. It was a lesson too harshly administered. It was like the warning corpse set up at an Egyptian feast.

Reaching the door at the lower end of the rink, near which, having succeeded in making one circuit of the building, I was again standing, the poor creature (having entered, I suppose, at the upper door,) without taking the slightest notice of anybody or anything, nor speaking a word that I could hear, except muttering in a hushed, plaintive monotone, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!" sat down on the edge of the platform, took off her skates, hung them over her wrist with such an orderliness as if she did it daily, and slowly passed out like a phantom.

Do we not visit lunatic asylums and return to our dinner with undiminished appetite? Was there not a time when fashionable parties were made up to Bedlam, to mock the wretched, ill-treated creatures there? Do not very many more than a thousand persons die weekly in London? Is there not ceaselessly some one in the agonies of death? Do the people who live on the road to a cemetery think any the more of the day when their own turn shall come to be the hero of a like mournful procession? Does the man who makes the coffin ever take his own measure? Does he not whistle, and tap in the nails to a tune? Do we ever take any one of these warnings? Surely we do not; and surely it was never ordained that we should. If we were to take home to our own bosoms all the misery that is shared among the world at large, would our life be worth living?

Whence has come the elastic capacity that we all have for enjoyment, which rebounds from the heaviest pressure?

When that question shall have been answered in more than one way, we may begin to wonder that the masqueraders recovered, without much effort, from the momentary shock with which they had been stunned. The band struck up. Thoughtfulness, if any existed, was lost in noise and confusion. All fell back into its previous train.

Of course I could not fail to ask for information from the bystanders of what I had witnessed. The story may be easily anticipated. That it was a love story there could be but little doubt.

Madeline Danvers had been beloved by a young M.D. without patients, and had returned his passion with all the more ardor that the match was extremely unacceptable to her parents, and was opposed by every obstacle that could be thrown in the way.

It is not very easy to keep lovers apart anywhere. In American society it is next to impossible. If there had not been the skating rink, there would have been some other rendezvous.

One evening, saddened by the difficulties they had to encounter and by the seeming hopelessness of Dr. More's position, the noise and gaiety of the rink, and the observation to which they were exposed, were disagreeable to them, so they exchanged the rink for the open ice in the harbor, where there was no glare of light, and the crowd of skaters was diffused over a large space. In the course of their pastime he was skating backwards, holding her hands in his, as she followed after him. He plunged into a hole from which a vessel had been cut out, and sank, dragging her after him before he thought to let go his hold.

She was saved; but only to fall into a frenzy of agony and fright, while efforts were made to extricate him from under the ice. No persuasion could induce her to quit the spot; and when any attempt at force was used, her shrieks were so dreadful and so heartrending that she was suffered to remain, shivering from head to foot and her teeth chattering with cold, but in a burning fever of grief and terror. At length the body, drowned beyond a shadow of hope, was got out, laid on the ice, lifted on a plank, and carried away before her eyes.

Her earnest entreaties to be allowed to attend the funeral, which took place as usual on the second day, could not be denied; but when the dull sound of the earth falling on the coffin—a moment which I would not willingly know him who could resist—met her ears, she sank down, never to rise again other than I had seen her.

She was, they told me, perfectly harmless, tractable, and docile. Her desire to frequent the rink was humored from a feeling of universal commiseration which her case aroused. Absence from the place had been tried, with an unfavorable result. An eye less practised than mine could have seen that her hard probation in this world would have a speedy ending. The winter when I saw her was the one succeeding the catastrophe. She had gained admittance that evening unnoticed. No one ever spoke to her, and she spoke to no one out of her own house. All she was ever heard to say was, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!"

SPEAKING OUT.

Commend me to that Hampshire farmer, Cobbett, for a fellow who speaks out as you might expect a sledge hammer to speak if it had a tongue. I have said before that I do not object to a man's differing from me in opinion; fact is, I like it, if the man will only speak out. It is a good thing for a young man to be contradicted pretty flatly. It teaches him that he hasn't got the world by the nose, as he fancies he has or ought to have, and that there are other men ready to dispute his supremacy as cock of the walk. But when men do differ from me, I like 'em to say so and not palaver to me before my face, and then go and call me an old fool behind my back. I prefer a smashing blow on the nose from a fellow like King to a stab in the back by an Italian chap with the most polished stiletto. If I had a son, I would instil into his mind the maxim that liberty of speech is an inestimable blessing, and that the luxury of telling a thief to his face that he *is* a thief is one of the greatest luxuries in the world. I'll tell you what, this age in which we have the luck to live is a pitiful, sneaking age at the best. It pays a great deal too much respect for what it calls the *proprieties* of society. It cultivates too much the amenities with a capital "A." of life. It is a whitened sepulchre of an age after all. It hasn't the spirit and pluck to denounce a man who lives in the commission of almost all the seven deadly sins, provided he lives in a mansion and drives a tandem. There are several rotten places in our society, which, perchance, might be healed if we would only "speak out" about them; but the fact is, we ignore them altogether, and go on in our pleasant walk through life as if they never had, and never would have, an existence. We suffer ourselves to be imposed upon, humbugged and swindled simply for our want of speaking out, our reluctance to do what is thought "unpleasant," and in so doing we do wrong to ourselves and who knows to how many generations to come, for wrongs, the descendants of a wrong done now, may exist now after a thousand generations have lived and died. Wrong begets wrong, and wrong tolerated grows up into a precedent which, after a time, it takes the energy of a world to shake. I should like some one to set before me the exact amount of families who have been ruined, estates lost, and fortunes missed in the present day, because one's great-great-grandfather did not on some occasion or other speak out. Perhaps you will say that doubtless there has been abundance of evil and misery inflicted by reason of persons, ages ago, speaking out too freely; doubtless it is so. But everything has its dark side, and if a man or his descendants have lost through an outspoken word or a hearty blow in the right cause—given or said with honesty of heart, you may be sure of it that the seeming loss is no loss. The inheritance of truth and honor and courage is more than the finest of gold and the richest of inheritances. Ah! if men would only think so.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendant gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he, who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

☞ Ladies who make the shopmen show them goods which they do not intend to purchase, are called in a London newspaper "counter-irritants."

PAST HELP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE LOST."

Let her lie upon your breast while she faints,
Where she slept such a short time ago.
Oh! she's young to be crowned with the saints:
Hold her fast, mother; do not let her go!

The roses are not dead on her cheeks,—
There is but a passing chill on their bloom;
It will go when she smiles—when she speaks—
Hush! was not that her voice in the room?

She is looking like a babe, as she lies
With her ringlets swept aside and apart;
Ah, mother, keep the tears in your eyes,—
If they fall upon her face, she may start.

Did some one break her heart with a word,
Having grasped it at first as a prize?
Did she flutter from his hand like a bird,
Which goes a little way and then dies?

He remembers the joy of her face,
The love in her smile and the light,
When, shrinking, she met his embrace—
Bring him here; let him look at her to-night!

Oh! first came the wonder and the doubt,
And the pale hope fading day by day;
So wistfully she wandered about,
Like a lost child asking its way.

And then came the silence and despair,
And the sighing after wings like a dove,
And the proud heart bleeding into prayer,
But hiding all its wounds from our love.

It is over, and the tale is all told,
And the white lamb lies dead in the frost:
We may cover up its limbs from the cold,
But we cannot find a life that is lost.

Yet we thought that she moved; but her cheek
Was but stirred by the breast where it lay
Heaving a little, while we speak,
With the mute sobs forcing their way.

Let them come, poor mother! let them come;
You must turn, when your tears are all done,
To a blank in the sweet talk at home,
And a name on a little gray stone. S. M.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

On the second morning after our arrival at Dovecot, Mr. Long called me into the dining-room, where I found Mr. Gerard and another gentleman, who had come down by the night-mail, as I understood, from London. Although, I should think, not less than sixty-six years of age, he was dressed in the height of the then prevailing mode. He wore a snuff-colored coat, the tails of which trailed from his chair upon the ground, whenever he was so fortunate as not to be sitting upon them; the brass buttons at his back were nearly as large as the handles of an ordinary chest of drawers. A bunch of seals, each about the size of that peculiar to the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, dangled from his fob. His pantaloons, which seemed to have shrunk in the washing, set off a pair of legs that were still not uncomely; but what was most remarkable in his costume was an enormous muslin cravat, which, in combination with the ruffles of his shirt, gave him the aspect of a pouting pigeon. Unaccustomed as I then was to the toilet of persons of distinction, Mr. Clint of Russel Square—for he it was—made a very strong impression upon me. As the family lawyer of the Heaths, and one who had always greatly interested himself in Marmaduke, he had been sent for by my tutor to give his opinion as to what steps should be taken respecting the future disposal of the poor lad. I guessed by his grave face that he had been put in possession, not only of all that had happened through the agency of Sir Massingberd, but of all that had been designed to happen.

"If you have any doubt still remaining, Mr. Clint, as to the propriety of removing Marmaduke Heath from the custody of his uncle," observed my tutor, after introducing me to this venerable beau, "I think this gentleman can dissipate it. Now, Peter, tell us, in confidence, what sort of footing do you consider your young friend and Sir Massingberd to stand upon—are the good—"

"Stop, stop, Mr. Long," interrupted the lawyer, taking an enormous pinch of snuff from a silver box, and holding up his laden fingers in a prohibitory manner; "we must not have any leading questions, if you please. Mr. Meredith, it is most important that you state to us the truth, without mitigation or exaggeration. You heard your tutor's first inquiry, which was a most correct one. How does Mr. Marmaduke Heath stand with respect to his uncle?"

"Well, sir," said I quietly, "he stands, as it were, upon the brink of a deep river, with his back towards a person who is bent upon pushing him in."

A total silence ensued upon this remark. Mr. Long and Mr. Gerard interchanged very meaning glances.

"Very good," returned the lawyer coolly, administering half the snuff to his nose, and dropping the other half among his shirt-ruffles. "That is a form of speech, I suppose, by which you would imply that Marmaduke is afraid of his uncle?"

"Very much," said I; "afraid of his life."

"And you have had no previous conversation upon this subject with either of these gentlemen—that is—you must forgive me if I press this somewhat hardly—they have never asked your opinion on the matter before?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"You are speaking, too, I conclude, from your own observation of course, from your own knowledge of Mr. Marmaduke Heath's sentiments and position, and not from any hearsay rumor?"

"I am perfectly convinced, Mr. Clint," returned I gravely, "that Sir Massingberd Heath wishes to get rid of his nephew, and that Marmaduke knows it."

"Then Sir Massingberd shall be gratified," observed Mr. Gerard with energy; "he shall get rid of him from this day."

"Stop, stop, my dear sir," interposed the lawyer. "Even supposing that all this is true, both the facts that I have received from you and Mr. Long, and the surmises entertained by this young gentleman, we are still only at the threshold of the matter. From the manner in which Sir Massingberd expressed himself when he wrote to me to demand the custody of the boy, and from his whole conduct since, I am certain that he will not give up his position as guardian without a severe struggle. We must steadily look our difficulties in the face. Supposing—having been assured of Marmaduke's convalescence—he should send a post-chaise over here next week, or the week after, with a note, insisting upon his immediate return to Fairburn Park, what is to be done then?"

"I should send the post-chaise back again," returned Mr. Gerard, calmly, "with the verbal reply that Mr. Marmaduke was not coming."

"But suppose he wrote to Marmaduke himself?"

"The reply would come from me all the same, Mr. Clint."

"But if Sir Massingberd appeals to the law?"

"He dare not!" exclaimed my host; "his audacity, great as it is, stops short of that. If he did, as sure as the sun is shining, I would meet him with the charge of attempted murder."

Mr. Clint took out of his other coat-tail a second snuff-box, which he never made use of except in cases of great emergency.

"You are prepared to go that length, are you?"

"I am, sir," returned Mr. Gerard, firmly.

"You have not a shadow of foundation for such an assertion," pursued Mr. Clint, reflectively. "The slander will be pronounced malicious; you will be cast in swinging damages."

"That is possible," remarked my host; "but there, nevertheless, will be such revelations of Sir Massingberd's mode of life, as may well cause the Chancellor to reflect whether Fairburn Hall is a fitting educational establishment for a minor."

"John Lord Eldon is not an ascetic—"

"I know it, sir," broke forth Mr. Gerard: "I am well aware that he is a heartless fellow, as dissipated, as dishonest,* and—"

"Sir," interrupted Mr. Clint with irritation, "I will not listen to such mad words. You may utter them, of course, in your own house, but not to me. This is the talk of those who would subvert all authority."

"They are not afraid to speak evil of dignities," murmured my tutor.

"I do not speak evil of dignities, my dear sir, but only of the rogues who fill them," exclaimed Mr. Gerard, laughing. "However, I beg your pardon, gentlemen; the remark escaped me quite involuntarily. You must be aware, however, Mr. Clint, that my Lord Eldon is not absolutely an ascetic."

"I was about to say, sir," observed the old lawyer stiffly, "that his lordship is not so tenderly alive to the necessity of moral training as some of his friends would wish, and he has a strong respect for natural authority. He might lean, therefore, towards Sir Massingberd's view of the question—with whom, indeed, he is personally not unacquainted—and might be induced somewhat to palliate his way of life."

"Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless, are those in Eldon's keeping," murmured Mr. Gerard. "Still," continued he, in a louder tone, "the charge of attempted murder, Mr. Clint, would have this effect, that even if Marmaduke were reconsigned to his uncle's care—which Heaven forbid—the eyes of the world would be upon Sir Massingberd, and he would not venture to work him a mischief. In the meantime, it rests with us to take good care that he has not the chance of doing so."

"And now," resumed Mr. Clint, after a pause, "supposing that all is arranged thus far to repel Sir Massingberd's claims, there is another matter to be considered. It would take long to explain the details of the case, but you must understand that the Heath property is very peculiarly situated. Sir Massingberd, who is in the enjoyment of it for life, cannot raise a shilling upon it; while Marmaduke does not possess a shilling, although the prospective heir of such vast wealth. They would be, in short, at present a couple of beggars—such is the naked fact—but for a certain arrangement of my own, with which nobody else had anything to do. A small annual sum is paid to Sir Massingberd for the maintenance of his nephew, and another, solely on the latter's behalf, for that of the estate. It is a most beautifully intricate affair from first to last," pursued the lawyer with unction; "here are two relatives, who mutually support one another, and have yet every reason—looking at the matter in a rather worldly way, of course—to wish each other dead. Sir Massingberd could borrow plenty of money, if the usurers were only confident that he had the power as well as the will to make away with his nephew. There would be even less difficulty under ordinary circumstances in procuring a loan for Marmaduke; but a delicate boy, whose uncle and guardian is bent upon putting a violent end to him—you see that renders the security so very slight. Altogether, it is certainly one of the nicest cases. It is not only a question of responsibility; there are always plenty of people ready to take any amount of *that* at a sufficient premium; but who will undertake the pecuniary charge of the lad if he is withdrawn from his uncle's roof? Sir Massingberd, of course, will never give up one tittle of the allowance intrusted to him to expend, except upon such compulsion as we should scarcely venture to employ. There are three years wanting to the boy's majority; and even when he has arrived at that, and should be willing to promise ample repayment, he may die before his uncle still, who has a constitution of adamant, when those who have maintained him may whistle for the money they have expended. The expression may be coarse," added Mr. Clint apologetically, "but I think it conveys my meaning."

"I thank you, Mr. Clint," observed my tutor, after a little pause, "for putting this matter before us so bluntly and decidedly. For my part, I am far from being a rich man; but, on the other hand, there are no persons who have a better claim upon my resources than my dear young friend and pupil, Marmaduke Heath. That he will repay me, if he survive his uncle, I am more than assured; and if he die early, I shall not regret that the remainder of his young life has been rendered happy through my means, although it may have cost me a few comforts."

I stooped down and said a few words in my tutor's ear.

"No, Peter, no," continued he; "you are a good lad, and your father is doubtless generous enough to comply with your wishes; but we must not resort to such a distant source in this emergency, indeed. Mr. Clint, do you think that a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty pounds a year might be made sufficient to keep Marmaduke with respectability?"

"Half your annual stipend, eh, Mr. Long, eh?" ejaculated the lawyer. "Bless my soul, how this snuff gets in one's eyes! Such a sum should be quite sufficient; I think that would be found more than enough. He cannot live at your Rectory, of course; that would be almost as bad as at the Hall; but there are plenty of spare rooms in my house in town; he has stayed there before, so that that can be done, we know—Marmaduke and I are old friends. No, no, it will not hurt me; such a course cannot bring me into greater antagonism with Sir Massingberd than I am in already. I am always at daggers-drawn with him. He is for ever cutting down trees that don't belong to him, or selling heirlooms that are no more his than mine, or embroiling himself with me, the appointed guardian of the property, in some way or other. Yes, I'll take the lad, Mr. Long, come what will of it."

"You will do nothing of the kind," exclaimed my host energetically; "you honest lawyer, and very worthy man; and you, you good priest—contradictions in terms, both of you—you shall not give away half your annual stipend, or my name is not Harvey Gerard. I have done each of you a very grievous wrong in thought, if not in word, and I hereby beg your pardons. It is possible, I perceive, to be a Tory, and yet preserve, if not a conscience, at least a heart."

My tutor smiled; Mr. Clint bowed his acknowledgments.

"With regard to Mr. Marmaduke Heath, however," pursued our host, "that young gentleman must be my especial charge. From this day until the period when he comes into his property, or lies in need of decent interment, as the case may be, he is my guest; or if my house is distasteful to him, I will advance him whatever sums he may reasonably require for his maintenance elsewhere. Please to consider that that is settled, gentlemen."

"Whatever we may think of the political opinions of Mr. Harvey Gerard," observed Mr. Clint with feeling, "his name has always been associated with acts of matchless generosity."

"Always, always," echoed Mr. Long; then added reflectively: "he has paid the fines of half the rogues in the country, and bailed the other half who have been committed to prison."

A simultaneous burst of merriment from his three hearers greeted this naive remark of my unconscious tutor.

"I have done so upon one occasion, I confess," replied Mr. Gerard, good-naturedly. "I became surety, in 1791, for the good behaviour of a poor Birmingham rioter, as I thought, who turned out to be a government spy. However, I assure you, generosity has nothing to do with my present intentions with respect to young Heath. My income is sufficiently large to admit of my accommodating the poor lad with ease, even if the repayment, sooner or later, were not almost certain, as it really is. But, besides all this, I must confess that the undertaking affords me exceeding satisfaction. Mr. Long, you are, I have heard, an enthusiastic fisherman; that is no common pleasure which you feel when your rod is bowed by some enormous trout, cunning and strong, who may break the whole of your tackle, and get away after all, but who also may be landed helpless on the bank, a victim to your skill and patience. That is exactly the sport which I promise myself with Sir Massingberd Heath. If he were one whit less greedy, less formidable, less pitiless, I should feel less hostility towards him; he has fortunately no redeeming point. I have hated Tyranny all my life, and I hate this man, who seems to be the very Embodiment of it. He makes his boast that no one has ever stood between himself and his wicked will. Let us see what he will make of Harvey Gerard."

The speaker drew himself up proudly, but certainly not with unbecoming pride. His form dilated as he spoke, his voice grew deep without losing its distinctness, and into his mild eyes a sternness crept as when the frost congeals the lake. But for a spice of haughtiness, which to some might have appeared even arrogance, he might have stood for St. Michael in his contest with the foul Fiend, and have personified the Spirit of Good defying the Spirit of Evil.

* I am at a loss to understand why good Mr. Gerard should have thus expressed himself concerning Lord Eldon, unless it were that Shelley's case may have just been decided about that time.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GIPSY CAMP.

After not a little opposition upon the part of Mr. Long, who would have willingly borne his share in Marmaduke's expenses, it was settled that Mr. Gerard should be the young man's host, if he could only be suffered to retain him in defiance of the power of Sir Massingberd; his home, however, was not to be the Dovecot, which was judged to be too much exposed, by its proximity to Fairburn, to the machinations of the enemy. The Gerards were to remove to their town residence in Harley street, as soon as their guest was fit to accompany them. At first, his progress was tedious, but he grew rapidly convalescent as soon as he was able to exchange his bed for a sofa. Never was sick man more hospitably treated, more graciously tended. Mr. Gerard possessed that almost feminine gentleness of manner which is generally found in persons of his peculiar organization. His sympathy, at least as easily aroused as his antagonism, was now deeply enlisted in favor of Marmaduke for his own sake; he recognized his talents, and the beauty and tenderness of his mind, and won him from the melancholy that overhung it by pleasant, studious talk; while the young man's heart, thrilling responsive to every touch of kindness, turned towards him, and expanded like a flower in the sun. As for Lucy, what rudest health would I not have exchanged for Marmaduke's languor, as he lay and listened to her clear, sweet voice, now singing some cheerful ballad to enliven him, now reading aloud some tale so musically that itself seemed song! He could read to himself but little as yet, and if he did take up a book, his eyes refused to regard it, but followed the lovely girl, wherever she moved, with adoration.

"This happiness is too great to last, Peter, he would often say; "it will all fade one day, I know, and leave me desolate. What man living is worthy to possess yon glorious creature? I feel as though I had no right even to love her. Yet, great Heaven! how I *do* love her! How unconscious she is of her perfect sweetness! How she graces the meanest thing which she may set herself to do! Her presence seems to breathe very life into me; I then forget everything but her—even Sir Massingberd. To return to him would be death indeed—death, death!" Then he would sink back, as if prostrated with the thought, and so remain despairingly despondent until he heard Lucy's voice, or laugh, or footstep. All this was bitter for me to bear.

I was glad when Mr. Long suggested to me that he thought it was no longer necessary for me to remain with Marmaduke, and that I should return to Fairburn Rectory and my studies. Still, my heart was heavy upon that morning which was to be the last I was to spend under the same roof with Lucy Gerard. Within the last few weeks—nay, it had happened in a few hours—I had Loved and I had Lost. If there be any to read this in whose eyes these words have meaning, they will pity me. I do not match such grief, indeed, for a single instant against the sorrow a man must feel for the loss of the loved companion of his life—against the lone wretchedness of recent widowhood; but it was a grievous blow. I wished Marmaduke and Mr. Gerard "good bye" without quite knowing that I did so.

"Good-bye, Mr. Meredith," said Lucy; and though her voice was even lower and sweeter than usual, it wounded me like a knife.

"Why don't you call him Peter, Lucy?" exclaimed her father, laughing. "I think it would be more civil, now that we are going to lose him."

"Thank you, sir," said I gratefully; and thereupon she did say, "God bless you, Peter," very, very kindly.

Ever since that morning she called me so; but I was Peter to all of them, you see, as well as to her. Then, too, I called her Lucy, and though for the first and last time, I shall never forget it.

I couldna sa mair, but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

Then I mounted my horse—my luggage having already preceded me—and slowly took my way towards Fairburn. My life-blood seemed to ebb with every step. The clang of the gate that shut me out from the last foot of ground belonging to the Dovecot, sent a shudder through me like a knell. I was on the very spot where Marmaduke had met with the accident that had been so nearly fatal. Supposing it had killed him! Supposing—I thanked God that I was able to thank Him from an honest heart that it had not done so.

Then I felt a little better. Having ascended the hill, I put my horse into a sharp canter upon the common, and the cool air through which I swiftly passed refreshed me. The hollow in which the encampment had been was now deserted, and only the round bare spot amid the green, which is the gipsy autograph, announced that it had ever been there. Some miles farther on, however, a little brown-legged boy, evidently of that wandering fraternity, suddenly emerged from a fir plantation, and stood before me in the road as if to beg. I was already feeling in my pocket for a penny, when, showing his white teeth in gratitude, he shook his head, and coming close to my stirrup, exclaimed: "You are the gentleman from Mr. Gerard's, sir, are you not? Would you please to come and see Granny Rachel?"

In an instant I remembered the pocket-flask, which I had entirely forgotten since the day in which it came into my possession; for all I knew, it was then lying yet in the drawing-room at the Dovecot.

"Yes, my boy, that will I," returned I; "but I fear I have not brought her what she wants."

He looked up in the bright interrogative manner peculiar to his tribe, so different to the stolid wonder of the agriculturist.

"She wants *you*, sir, as I understood. This is the sixth day that she has set me to watch for you by this roadside. Will you please to follow me?"

The boy started off at a pace which compelled me to move too fast for further questioning; and skirting the plantation for a hundred yards, stopped at the entrance of a roadway leading through the wood. The coming winter had not yet turned the broad green track to mud, and it ran so straight and far, that the pine trees seemed to stand on either side like a continuous wall, with nothing but the blue heaven for their limit. This landscape of right lines would have delighted a painter of the Pre-Raphaelite school, it looked so stiff and unnatural; but pursuing this track for a little distance, and then plunging over a ditch and bank into the plantation itself, we suddenly came upon a scene which would have suited Morland's pencil. A low tent, with half-naked but merry children crawling in and out; a she-ass and her foal; a handsome male Epicurean, lying on his back, smoking a short well-colored pipe, the hue of which precisely resembled that of his own skin; a young girl in scarlet mantle, and with earrings of great splendor, gathering fir cones to feed the flames which licked around an iron pot suspended on four sticks, piled musket-fashion; and an old crone, sitting by the same, and picking the feathers from a bird, which, had the time of year been beyond the end of September, I should have certainly taken for a hen-pheasant. But to suppose this, would have been to suppose an infraction of the Game Laws! The walnut stained children stopped their play as I approached, and stood in various attitudes of wonder, like beauteous bronzes; the man turned over on his side, and opened his slumbrous eyes a hairsbreadth; the girl flashed one quick comprehensive glance upon me, and then resumed her occupation. The old woman nodded familiarly without rising, and observed quietly: "So you are come at last, Peter Meredith. I trust you have brought good news of Marmaduke Heath."

"He is better," said I, "much better; and he knows who brought him help, and is very grateful. You have been expected daily at the Dovecot, where something more substantial than mere thanks is waiting for you."

"Rachel Liversedge desires neither silver nor gold," returned the old woman: "she has had her reward already, if what you say be true. It was not for love of the boy that I did what I did; he has too much evil blood in him to earn my liking. But I am glad as though he were my own son that he will live."

"Carew," cried she triumphantly, "no wonder *bura* Sir Massingberd looked *kalo* as ourselves."

"Oh, the great man looks black, does he?" said I.

The old woman dropped the bird, the girl her fir-cones, and both stared wildly at me, as though my voice had come from the clouds; the man sprung to his feet, and uttered a cry of wonder.

"What! do you speak our tongue?" cried he.

"Nay; you speak mine," returned I, calmly. "*Bura* is great; and *kala*, which you call *kalo*, is black, of course; everybody knows that who knows Hindustanee."

Then the three burst out together in a language one word out of four of which seemed to be more or less familiar to me; as for understanding what they said, of course it was simply impossible; but no matter, I had established my reputation. From that moment I felt myself to be the honored guest of the family. Would I smoke? Would I eat? Would I drink? I was thirsty, and I said that I would gladly take some water—which, at a venture, I called paince."

"Pawnee!" cried they, extravagantly delighted. "He talks like a true Gipsy; and only look! is he not dark-skinned?"

The few words that my old ayah had taught me in India had thus procured me a hearty welcome in a Midshire fir-plantation.

"Sit down by me, Peter Meredith, my son," exclaimed the old woman; "and do you fetch him water, Mina."

I dismounted, and did as I was bid; while the young girl took a pitcher, and presently brought it filled from a running stream near by, and offered it to me, like another Rebecca. But her grandmother—for such she was—cried: "Stop! let me put something in it;" and produced from her pocket the self-same flask which she herself had given me a few weeks ago, and which I had thought was left behind at the Dovecot.

"Why, I was blaming myself for not having brought you that thing back to-day," said I; "I never heard of your coming to claim it."

"Nor did I, young gentleman," returned the old woman proudly. "Harvey Gerard is too kind a man to be visited when one is not in need. That was why I left his house that day, directly I had told what had befallen Marmaduke Heath: I did not wish him to think I waited for my reward. He returned me this with his own hands. He is not one of your proud ones. When we had the fever here—Mina, darling, you remember who came to see you, and saved your life?"

"Ah, yes!" cried the girl, clasping her dark hand, which gleamed with tawdry rings; "and his daughter, too, how I love her!"

There was a little pause; I felt my ears tingle—my cheeks burn. I did not dare look up from the ground.

"Lucy Gerard is very fair," whispered the old woman; "she will make a good and loving wife." Then she added roguishly, and in that gipsy tone which smacks so of the race-course: "Shall I tell your fortune, my pretty gentleman?"

"No, I thank you," said I hastily. "I have no great confidence in your information as to the future. With respect to the past, on the other hand, you can doubtless satisfy me, if you will. I have a great curiosity to know how you became possessed of yonder flask with the Heath griffin."

"Peter Meredith," returned the old woman very gravely, "you have asked me to tell you a sad story, and one to relate which will cost me much. It is not our custom, however, to refuse the first request of a new friend. But before I begin, let me ask you a question in my turn. Has it never struck you why Sir Massingberd Heath has not long ago taken to himself a young wife, and begotten an heir for the bonny lands of Fairburn, in despite of his nephew?"

Until that moment the idea had never crossed my brain; but no sooner was it thus mooted than I wondered greatly at the short-sightedness of those among whom Marmaduke's affairs had been so lately discussed, and in particular at that of Mr. Clint, who, as a lawyer, should surely have at once foreseen such a contingency.

"Well," said I, "I confess that, for my part, I have never thought of it; but there cannot be much danger of Sir Massingberd's becoming a wooer now—why, what young woman would be won by such as he?"

"What young woman would not be won?" replied Rachel Liversedge grimly. "Think you that his white head and stony heart would weigh too heavy in the balance against his title and the reversion of his lands? Remember, all that is around us, and all that we could see from yonder hill to the right hand and to the left—pasture and cornfield, farm and park—would fall to the offspring of her who would venture, for a few years, to be Lady Heath. Peter, there is one maiden in Midshire, known to you and me, who would not consent to do this thing, though the offer were thrice as splendid; but I doubt if there be more than one."

"If that is so," said I, "why does not Sir Massingberd marry?"

"The answer to that is the story I am about to tell you," returned Rachel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Jeff Davis is now generally admitted to be the greatest writer of fiction in the known world.

AN EARNEST WORD OF WARNING.

There is an impression abroad among the people, which we have already commented upon, that as greenbacks are so plenty, and every one is feeling so prosperous, it is perfectly right and proper for every one to spend as freely as he likes. There is no sort of conscientious feeling in regard to the duty of economy. The expenditures for luxuries are unexampled even in the history of our wasteful people. Every one, except those dependent on regular salaries, is extravagant to the last degree. The jewelers and the dealers in expensive goods assure us that there never was such a demand for the most costly wares.

Diamonds, pearls, watches and ornaments, bronzes and carpets, silks and satins, expensive furniture and paintings, wines and costly dinner-ware, are continually sold, and are ornamenting our wealthy houses. Then, in the classes of more moderate means, similar habits on a smaller scale everywhere prevail. The wives and daughters of shopkeepers and upper mechanics, of teachers and preachers, of country lawyers and doctors still buy their silks, and carpets, and pianos, as if they were as well off as they ever were.

The nation does not seem to recognize that it is in war, or that its habits of economy have anything to do with its ability to pay the public debt. Some one else seems to be spending for the war, while we spend for foreign luxuries. "Money is plenty, and why should not we have the benefit of it?" "The Government may be in debt, and we have plenty of means." Such is the universal thought on this matter, if not the expression of it, and it is full time that the press and the pulpit should expose its fallacy, and teach some of the first principles of political economy.

It must be remembered that we are all in debt for the expenditures of this war—every individual man, woman and child of the whole community. It is not the Government which is paying, but we, the people. For every dollar—or, in other words, for every day's labor—diverted to this war, and, in great part, wasted, in an economical point of view, we must each of us pay in full, or at least pay its interest, if we lay it on the future. We cannot escape this. All the treasurers in the world cannot make money.

If Mr. Chase possessed all the financial genius ever granted to man, he could not create means for the nation to pay its debts with, any farther than he creates labor. He may indeed borrow from the labor of posterity, but he must pay interest from the labor of to-day. In so far as the money he sends forth exceeds the labor it is designed to represent, it loses in value and purchases less of commodities. It is just as impossible for the nation to expend its income for war, and at the same time to buy foreign luxuries, as it would be for an individual.

We have, each of us and collectively, only just so much which we can spend; if we go beyond, we fall in debt and may eventually be bankrupt. It is clearly *possible* for this nation to spend so much on this war, that neither the labor of the present nor the mortgaged labor of the future could repay it. National bankruptcy is an event—improbable as it may be—which is within the limit of things that can happen. If it should come, no words could paint the disgrace and the calamity which would overtake our country.

But there is not the smallest reason to fear or to anticipate this, provided the people will only apply their conscience and their common sense to the whole question. This nation could bear a debt of five thousand millions of dollars, and eventually, with our enormous production, sweep it off, provided we acted under it as we should if it were an individual debt—that is, if we economized to the utmost degree.

What we pay for foreign luxuries diminishes the capital of the country and our ability to meet our public obligations. Our imports of luxuries are so much lost to us; they also tend to raise the price of gold, and, of course, in so far to add to the total expenses of both Government and people. It is the plain and manifest duty at this time of every man and woman to bring down their expenditures. It is an obligation we owe to the country not to buy foreign silks and satins, and jewelry and wines, or costly furniture from abroad.

Every person should feel that for himself he is bound to save all that is possible. Old clothes should be worn, old furniture used, luxuries be dispensed with, to meet this terrible crisis. We have no right to buy useless indulgences while we are laying up a great debt for the future. It is not honorable; it is not patriotic, nor even prudent. No people can be spending a thousand millions on a gigantic war, and at the same time be holding a carnival of extravagance and gluttony. Somebody *must pay* for it all. Our apparent superfluity of money should either be invested in permanent investments, or should go to cure the sad ills of war.

Our great success, financially, in the beginning of this struggle, resulted from the universal economy of the people. We saved enough then to pay the current expenses of the war. This has all passed by. Every one now is spending money for every possible vanity. Careful financiers estimate that $500 000 000 per annum can be saved by retrenchment.

Unless the people shall see the folly and wrong of this extravagance—unless Congress shall still further check the national wastefulness by severe and heavy taxation, we drift inevitably toward a dreadful abyss. Let us be warned in time.—*N. Y. Times.*

POSITION AND DRESS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Nothing comes out better than a black silk, made long, full, and graceful. If the wearer is young, and is taken sitting, a border of black over white round the skirt is very effective. A lady not so young looks well in a black moire antique without trimming. If the lady's figure is not good, she may wear a black lace shawl elegantly arranged, or, if of a nervous disposition, she had perhaps better be seated, as a timid or frightened air looks ill in a standing figure, and she may feel more at ease. A light linsey woolsey takes well, and I have seen a tartan rep come out charmingly upon a small figure when colored. Blue and orange are colors always to be avoided; the former looks white, the latter black. With regard to position, it must depend entirely on herself which attitude gives the most agreeable view of her features, whether full face, three quarters, or profile. She should get some friend who has good taste to accompany her to the artists, to arrange her dress and attitude, and to amuse and make her smile at the right moment. Some individuals never get justice done them in a photograph, and a few—a very few—are so fortunate as to astonish their friends by appearing much better than in life. Nervous people are difficult to take; where the face happens to be thin, it should be thickly dusted with white powder.(!) This mode is adopted by one of our first photographers. But the pose needs an artist, not a mechanic; and it does not always happen that the man of positives and negatives is also a man of taste and art; so he takes his sitters just as they tumble into, or plump into a chair, looking ill at ease, anxious or scared, and sends them forth stamped on cards "with all their imperfections on their heads." Photographs are very much improved by tinting, if the tinting is nicely and clearly done, and the eyes well marked out. Some colorists make them heavy and lead-like, in which case they are better in their primitive condition.

EARTH-EATING INDIANS.

On the banks of the Orinoco is a small village, picturesquely situated at the foot of a rock named La Concepcion de Urana. The tribe inhabiting it is called Otomac. These singular people use for food a soft, unctuous earth, resembling the potter's clay, and containing a small proportion of oxide of iron. The good people are very dainty in their taste, not being by any means satisfied with every sort of clay, but distinguish the taste of one from that of another. The banks of the Orinoco are carefully searched, and the selection of their favorite luxury is made with great caution. The clay is kneaded into balls from five to six inches in diameter, and these are roasted by a slow fire, until they have become of a reddish tint. When required for eating, they are remoistened. Pyramidal heaps of these clay balls are stored up in the huts of the Otomacs for food during the rainy season. At other times they vary their repast with river tortoises and fish, which they kill very dexterously with arrows when near the surface of the water. This propensity for earth-eating appears to exist in many other parts of the torrid zone, even where the ground is fertile, and cultivation would be easy, but for the indolence of the inhabitants.

☞ There is a strange account, in a Belgian paper, of some experiments which have taken place in that town, to show the effect produced by music on petroleum oil lamps. They are at once extinguished by a certain note sounded on a brass instrument. During a quatuor, three or four lamps placed in different parts of the room went out simultaneously, and M. Duhem, professor at the Brussels Conservatoire of Music, extinguished eight lamps successively by the sound of a trumpet.

☞ A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of Park street church, the cold wind blowing chillingly round the corner. "If heaven (hic) tempers the wind to the (hic) shorn lamb, I wish the lamb (hic) was on this corner."

☞ In the British Isles it is estimated that ten millions of dollars worth of cattle die annually with the pleuro-pneumonia. Much of this diseased meat is exposed for sale in the markets, *nineteen tons* being found in London in one week! How is it in America—and has diseased meat, or adulterated coffee, &c., anything to do with diptheria and spotted fever?

☞ Professor Gamgee, a celebrated veterinarian, has become confirmed in the opinion that the flesh of cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia, when eaten by man, induces boils and carbuncles to an incredible extent.

☞ The bellman of Watertown, announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women, "who had never spoken before."

☞ "If I am *stuck up*, I ain't proud," said the beetle ven he vos pinned to the vall.

GENERAL GRANT.

Gen. Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, on the 27th day of April, 1822, and is consequently only in his forty-second year. His father, Jesse R. Grant, a tanner by trade, is a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in Westmoreland county in 1794, and is now living at Covington, Kentucky. The Grant family is of Scotch extraction. In the early part of the sixteenth century two brothers emigrated from Scotland to the colonies. One settled in Connecticut and the other in New Jersey. From the one who located in the former colony have sprung the Grants of the North, and from the one in the latter the Grants of the South.

The mother of Gen. Grant was Hannah Simpson, a woman remarkable for good sense, attention to her domestic duties, and serious Christian character, blended with easy manners. She is a type of the mothers who produced the heroes of the Revolution. In 1818 she removed, with her father, John Simpson, from Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, where she was born, to Clermont county, Ohio, and was wedded in June, 1821, to her present husband. Ulysses is the first child born of that marriage, and the "S." in his name stands for Simpson, the name of his mother's family. It is significant, however, that the initials "U. S." stand for the United States and "Unconditional Surrender," by which sobriquet he is so well and popularly known in the army.

Jesse R. Grant emigrated with his father's family to the Northwestern Territory in 1799, and settled in what is now Columbia county, Ohio. In 1804 the family removed to Deerfield, in what is now Portage county. Jesse subsequently went to Ravenna, and for a few years carried on a tannery there. In 1820 he located in southwestern Ohio, where, as we have seen, his illustrious son was born.

In father and son that mixture of cordiality with reserve, of resolution with caution, and earnestness with soberness, so prominent in Scotch character, are so striking that one might reckon on a more immediate foreign extraction. Like his traitorous opponent, Joe Johnston, though American for several generations, General Grant is Scotch in many of his qualities. In his boyhood he always exhibited a business turn, and was never without some particular purpose in hand requiring responsibility, perseverance, and zeal—serious enough for one mature in years. An incident in point will illustrate this.

At the age of twelve he aspired to the management of his father's draught team, and was entrusted with it for the purpose of hauling some heavy hewed logs, which were to be loaded with the aid of levers and the usual appliances by several stout men. He came with his team and found the logs, but not the men. A boy of more imaginative genius, and of equal but differently directed contrivance, might have laid down to listen or dream, or build houses of chips. Not so with *this* boy, who, unlike others, acted upon the idea that where there was a will there was a way, and hesitated not at the undertaking. Observing a fallen tree, having a gradual upward slope, he unhitched his horses, attached them to a log, drew it horizontally to the tree, and then drew one end of it up the inclined trunk, higher than the wagon truck, and so as to project a few feet over, and thus continued to operate until he had brought several to this position. Next he backed the wagon under the projecting ends, and finally, one by one, hitched to and drew the logs lengthwise across the fallen trunk on to his wagon, hitched up again, and returned with his load to his astonished father.

This anecdote is well remembered by old citizens of Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio, where Grant spent his early boyhood. This incident, being similar to many others, will not admit of any interpretation other than evidencing an original and uncommon power of adapting measures to conditions.

☞ ADVANTAGE OF PUNCTUATION.—Punctuation, that is, the putting the stops in the right places, cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons:—"Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."—*Punch.*

☞ The late Sir Robert Peel, speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon,) said that—to apply to that noble lord the words of the poet—"even his failings leaned to virtue's side;" a gentleman present remarked that, in that case, his lordship's failings resembled the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which, notwithstanding its long inclination, had never yet gone over.

☞ At a hotel in New York, recently, an old gentleman came down stairs and inquired of the clerk whether he had any tallow candles. Being informed that he could be supplied with tallow dips, the gentleman said, "Then I wish you to give me some; I want something that I can blow out, for I have been blasting away at that cussed jigger in my room till I've no wind left."

METEORS.

There is hardly any rational way of escaping from the conclusion, that all space must be as thickly peopled with these aerial fragments as is the air in a room with particles of dust. When the rays of the sun shine in through a narrow chink, all these minute particles in the course of a ray are made evident, and so these atoms of the dust of space are from time to time seen, not indeed when the sun is shining, but when in the dark but clear nights we watch the heavens, and note all the shining points that shoot out from the blue vault, and seem to disappear as they came. Probably, in the majority of cases, where there is merely this momentary line of brilliant light, the atom has been made bright by the friction produced, and heat evolved in passing the thin air overhead. Heated intensely, the whole has become dissipated, being either broken up or oxidized into particles quite invisible. In other cases, where the magnitude is greater, the time longer, and the phenomena more marked, a sensible mass of matter is caught up, and though attracted by the earth and approaching its surface, yet fails to reach it, being also broken up into minute fragments of dust by the enormous friction met with before it can reach the actual land and sea. Dust in their course downwards these masses are occasionally swayed about, taking a zigzag or irregular path, seems certain; and now and then the actual broken fragments are seen to approach the earth, though they cannot be picked upon the spot where they appeared to fall. Now and then, however, a giant appears—a Titan among the minnows of the sky; molten on the surface by the friction, it yet succeeds in retaining its natural state, until at last it falls to the earth a solid, though rarely in an unbroken state. Masses of magnetic iron and nickel, with occasionally other metals, masses of sandstone, mixed masses of metal and sandstone, have all been picked up on the earth after falling from the sky and have been examined by competent chemists. They are the materials that people space; they are fragments of matter widely and perhaps universally distributed; they are materials collected or left behind by the wild comets in their course; they may be the food of the sun, the fuel conveyed in some mysterious manner to keep up that burning mass that is the source of light and heat, whose rays give life, and of whose atmosphere we are now beginning to learn something from the experiments recently made on light. And these materials accord pretty well with those common on the earth. They afford no new metal or mineral. They are combinations not unknown, if not common, of very familiar ingredients.—*Intellectual Observer.*

☞ It may be important to know, at this season of the year, that the postage on seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots and scions, in one package, not over 32 ounces in weight, (prepaid) is as follows:—Not over 4 ounces, 2 cents; over 4 ounces and not over 8 ounces, 4 cents; over 8 ounces and not over 12 ounces, 6 cents; over 12 ounces and not over 16 ounces, 8 cents; over 16 ounces and not over 20 ounces, 10 cents; over 20 ounces and not over 24 ounces, 12 cents; over 24 ounces and not over 28 ounces, 14 cents; over 28 ounces and not over 32 ounces, 16 cents. It is well that all persons interested should take a copy of these rates and place it where it can at all times be consulted.

☞ The iron rails on the southern railroads are worn down to the thickness of a lady's little finger, the trestle bridges shiver and creak warningly under every train, the cars run at times to suit the conductor's convenience, and it took the correspondent of the London Times two days and nights to get from Cockamauga to Atlanta, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles.

☞ If there is ever written a physiological history of the Southern rebellion, it will be found that hot bread, coffee, wine, whiskey, and the universal leg of ham, have been potent agents, controlling not a few of the people.—*Dr. Walker.*

☞ A man at a fair was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a stable."

☞ The editor of a paper in Providence, lately informed his readers that the ladies always pulled off the left stocking last. This, as may be supposed, created some stir among his fair readers, and while in positive terms they denied the statement, they at the same time declared that he had no business to know it, even if such was the fact, and pronounced him no gentleman. He proves it, however, by a short argument. "When one stocking is pulled off and another left on, pulling off this is taking the left stocking off last."

☞ Houses are so scarce on Staten Island, according to the Richmond County Gazette, and the prices asked so large, that old residents are letting their houses and furniture and taking board among their friends.

☞ WELL KNIT.—"Ma," said a five year old young lady to her mother, the other day, "do they make men the same as they do stockings?" "How absurd you are, Jane—of course not." "Then what made you say toss morning, ma, that Major Spanker was a remarkably well knit man?"

A NEW METHOD OF TRANSFERRING.

Should you desire to transfer maps, engravings, patterns for embroidery, or anything of the sort exactly, a method said to be a very good one has recently come under our observation, which may be of utility:—Sponge thick drawing paper of good quality with kerosene oil, until it is well saturated; hang it for ten or fifteen minutes before a stove, so that it may not soil the book or engraving, and then, while quite transparent, trace the outlines with a pen or pencil carefully; then lay the paper away for several days, and you will find that the oil has entirely evaporated, leaving the paper as white and opaque as before it was applied. In this state you may fill in the outline with shading or coloring, as required, with the certainty of a correct outline by which to pattern map and other things, which are often desirable to preserve, is indispensable.

We beg distinctly to be understood as not recommending this or any other tracing method to those desirous of learning to draw correctly. They should be guided by the eye alone, leaving measuring papers, rulers, dividers, and all tracing quite alone. But many with no artistic powers or inclinations, still desire to reproduce some product of the pencil, and the above is an easy and very certain way to do so.

EXPERIMENTS WITH BABIES.

Young mothers and fathers are always trying experiments with babies, and this, perhaps, is the reason why so many first children die. Very young married people feel pretty much as though their new-found treasure was a toy, and go to work playing at mamma and papa in a manner calculated to make grandpapa's wig and grandmamma's best cap fly off those venerable and experienced heads in horror. Sometimes the babe is to be hardened and its constitution strengthened; sometimes it is wrapped in flannel and suffocated in feather-beds for the best part of its existence; sometimes it is taught to feed early, and has all manner of indigestible messes provided for it in place of its mother's milk; sometimes the object is to have it walk early, and its little legs take the form of a bow in consequence; sometimes it mustn't walk at all, and is carried and carted about in a little wagon until it almost loses the use of its limbs, and in any case is generally stripped quite naked, as far as shoulders and arms go, on all those occasions when it would be "dreadful" to hide beautiful baby in a woollen sacque or flannel shawl. When one seriously reflects upon the general management and many experiments of young parents, the only wonder is that the first baby ever lives to grow up.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST.

The Washington Correspondent of the Boston Herald says:—

"Judge Baldwin, of California, an old and highly respectable and sedate gentleman, called a few days since on Gen. Halleck, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years since, solicited a pass outside of our lines, to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good Union men. 'We have been deceived too often,' said Gen. Halleck, 'and I regret I can't grant it.' Judge B. then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of with the same result. Finally he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case. 'Have you applied to Gen. Halleck?' inquired the President; 'And met with a flat refusal,' said Judge B. 'Then you must see Stanton,' continued the President. 'I have, and with the same result,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said Old Abe, with a smile of good humor, 'I can do nothing, for you must know *that I have very little influence with this Administration!*"

How PRICES ARE RAISED.—Congress proposes a duty on cotton of two cents a pound, whereupon all the small dealers in spool cotton propose to advance the price one cent upon each spool. Now as a pound of raw cotton will make over one hundred spools of sewing cotton, it is not easy to appreciate the justice of this large advance in the price of a very necessary and important article in daily use. But, while it is not easy to appreciate this fact, it is but characteristic of the advance in prices upon two-thirds of the articles in daily use. Just hint at a tax of any kind, and forthwith the price is put up to 20, 30, 50 and 100 per cent. The rule is to put up the price once when the tax is proposed, and once more when it is passed. And if the duty fails, the price is kept up.

☞ AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION.—G. W. Sala, in a recent letter to the London Telegraph, thus speaks of us:—"In their pleasures the American people are, I think, the most dismal people upon the earth. In their business transactions they are the most jovial. They propound conundrums in their counting-houses; they light big cigars over their ledgers, and alternate posting-up with sips of whiskey."

☞ Talleyrand was one day leaving a council of ministers when he met a courtier distinguished for his imprudent gossipping. "Well, M. Le Prince," he cried, "what has passed in the council to-day?" "Four hours have passed," replied the Prince, gravely.

The Spotted Fever at Long Branch, N. J.

Dr. Sayre, the resident physician, and Dr. Murphy, the Health Commissioner, who were requested by his Honor, the Mayor of New York, to visit Long Branch and examine into the character of the disease popularly called "Spotted Fever," there prevailing, made a report to him yesterday morning on the subject. These gentlemen state that they arrived at Long Branch on the afternoon of the 22d inst., and devoted two nights and a day to the examination of the disease. There have been 90 cases and 37 deaths at Long Branch and its vicinity, showing that the popular impression that no recoveries have taken place after an attack is erroneous. The disease commences with a violent chill, and the first stage lasts about 16 hours; during this many die. The second period is from two to three days, after which convalescence may take place.

The most alarming symptom is a congestion of the head and symptoms of paralysis of the nervous system, the effect of which is to render the administration of remedies ineffective until the cause is first removed. The technical name of the disease is cerebro-spinal meningitis, or inflammation of the brain and spinal marrow. Two post mortem examinations were made by Dr. Sayre, and the facts revealed by these examinations showed that the disease is amenable to treatment, and is under such treatment easily manageable. There is nothing peculiar or mysterious about the complaint; it is neither caused by miasmi nor by atmospheric conditions; it is neither contagious nor infectious—but the panic which exists in the neighborhood had aided materially in predisposing to its attacks.

The physicians state that there is no specific cause in the locality, there are no swamps or stagnant water from which the existence of malaria could be suspected, but the situation is on a sandy soil and open to the pure air from the ocean. The diet of many who have been seized has been bad. Flour made from defective and spoiled grain has been used, and smutted rye (*secale cornutum*), a poisonous article, has also been made up and used as a substitute for coffee. It is the custom, in many families, to burn kerosene lamps all night, the wick being put down—this vitiates the air and fills the sleeping apartments with an impure gas.

Every case was visited by Drs. Sayre and Murphy, and in all the disease could be traced to a distinct predisposing cause. Improper food, breathing foul air or the depressing influences of fear or other moral causes, left the body liable to an attack on exposure to cold or fatigue.

Dr. Sayre promises at an early day to make a full report of his observations on this disease to the Academy of Medicine.—*N. Y. Tribune*

Letter from Rome, the Spiritualist.

To the Editor of the London Times:—Would you kindly allow me to give, through your valuable columns, a copy of the agreement I drew up and signed by request of Mr. Severe, the which was to be given to M. Mattenci:

PALAZZO PALL, Jan. 4, 1864.—I give my word as a gentleman that during my stay in Rome I will give no seances, and will also avoid all conversation on the subject of spiritualism.

DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME.

I only came to Rome as a student of art, and for my health, and would therefore wish to be left free to continue my studies.

D. D. HOME.

I could not, as your correspondent states, have promised "to abstain from all communication," inasmuch as I have no control over the power with which I am endowed.

I could do no more than say that I would not meet persons with the intention of having a seance. The authorities, not content with my not promising to hold no further communications with the spirits, at last made me leave Rome. With the preceding agreement it might not be out of place to give a document which in its way is a curiosity, when we take into consideration that we belong to the nineteenth century:—

"I, Daniel Dunglas Home, do hereby solemnly declare and avow that I have not sold my soul to the Devil, nor have I on any occasion been cognizant of holding communication with the Evil One.

"ROME, March 16, 1856."

I had to draw up and subscribe to the above in the presence of the Chief of the Inquisition, and the original is now in his possession at the Vatican.

My reply to L'Avocat Pasqualoni, "It is not a power dependent on my will," ought to have been sufficient to show that I could not promise to "abstain from all communications," whereas the French and Italian papers make every use of this phrase to prove that I can abstain from or have manifestations, as pleases me, which is not the case.

I have the honor to be sir, your most obedient servant, D. D. HOME.

NICE, Feb. 2.

CLEVER SWORDSMEN.—At a recent military entertainment given at London, in aid of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Corporal Major St. John cleanly and cleverly severed a suspended sheep at a single blow, and easily minced, with a single flourish of his weapon, handkerchiefs and ribbons successively wound round it. Corporal Major Watts, with equal precision, cut through a suspended bar of lead, a feat which, as well as the severing of a sheep, is familiar. A less familiar and more sensational feat was added. His sword raised over an apple lying in a comrade's outstretched hand, he cleanly severed the apple by a downward blow, which, with the slightest additional impetus, would sever the hand that held it. William Tell's traditional shot was not more hazardous. A boy's head and a comrade's hand, it is true, are not equally valuable; but both are infinitely better worth keeping to their respective owners than is the sensation of nearing either. Corporal Major Watts must have bold men in his troop to practice upon.

☞ Mr. A. T. Stewart's (of N. Y.) sales during the past year have amounted to nearly the enormous sum of thirty five millions of dollars! His net income has been given in to the proper authorities empowered to levy taxes, at four millions of dollars.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

It has been decided to hold the Fair the first week in June. Any state desiring to contribute can have a Department attended by such delegates as may be appointed from that state. New Jersey and Delaware have been particularly invited to unite with us. But why should not Kentucky, Indiana, California and other states, be represented by tables?

We cut the following paragraphs from the *Evening Bulletin*:

It is very evident that for nearly three months the principal business of Philadelphia will be the Great Sanitary Fair. It is to be a grand Carnival such as the city never before witnessed; an all absorbing subject for everybody, and it will be carried out on such a splendid scale as to become the grand festival from which to date for many years to come. Philadelphia looks back in her past to the Mexicanza, the great Butchers' Procession of 1828, and the Washington Centennial of 1832; but it is very evident that the Great Fair of 1864 is destined to eclipse the united attraction of all our local celebrations or public events of the kind.

Apart from the main object proposed, that of relieving the soldiers in such trials or sufferings as government is unable, with the best intentions, to reach, there is yet another great public benefit to be derived from this Fair which the community has been quick to appreciate. The more generally it is made known that the attraction of the festival are to be extraordinary, both as regards extent and splendor, the greater will be the throng of visitors, and the more will our city be benefitted. If all that has been planned be fully carried out, there is no reason why a million visitors may not be attracted to the city during the fair.

In short, the city of Philadelphia has promised to itself "a glorious time, a magnificent time," and one unprecedented in its annals. All that is necessary is to organize the labor willing to be employed, and to make known to every one of the vast extent of the preparations projected. The whole city it is to be hoped, will wear for two weeks an *air du fete*, and be beautiful with garlands, music and flowers. As June is the rose-month, there would, indeed, be little difficulty in carrying out a very extensive scheme of adornment, in a city so famous as Philadelphia for its floral and other natural attractions.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

The London *Spectator* concludes a long article on our Sanitary Commission as follows:—

"In every way we cannot help thinking the existence and success of the Commission is most creditable to the American people. It shows not only with what a resolution they entered this struggle, but with what a fund of good sense they are endowed. We doubt whether even in England a voluntary society could be entrusted with so much power, and yet so carefully abstain from trenching on the province and duty of the Executive. In America they can do these things, and the same Cabinet Minister, who originally gave the Sanitary Commission a six months' span of life, now admit 'that it has been of the greatest service to the country; that it has occasioned none of the evils expected from it; and that it has lived down all the fears and misgivings of the Government.'"

"LITTLE HELPERS."

A lady from Carlisle writes to us:

"On Tuesday Mrs. Holstein met a society of children called 'Little Helpers,' at my house. These little folks have had a Fair this winter, at which they made over $650, and are active in the good work. The name of Little Helpers seemed to please her very much—and she thinks of suggesting it as a name for similar societies of children throughout the state."

We thought it well to publish this little statement to show how much good even children can effect when their efforts are regularly organized and directed.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A TRIBUTE TO LOYAL WOMEN.

At the close of the Patent Office Fair in Washington, on Friday night, Mr. Lincoln, in answer to loud and continuous calls, made the following remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—I appear, to say but a word. This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldier. For it has been said, all that a man hath will he give for his life; and while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause. The highest merit then is due to the soldier. (Cheers.)

"In this extraordinary war, extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars, and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these Fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families. And the chief agents in these Fairs are the women of America. (Cheers.)

"I am not accustomed to the use of the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women, but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!" (Great applause.)

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, March 21, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Union Ladies' Aid, Upper Darby, Mrs. Pennick, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; St. Luke's Auxiliary, Mrs. James, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; N. W. Soldiers' Aid, Mrs. Weaver, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Collet, 910 Spruce st., 1 pkg.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susq. co., Miss Ellen Searle, Sec'y, bbl. No. 45; St. Thomas's church, Mrs. T. J. Dorsey, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, West Whiteland Branch, Chester co., 1 box; Aid Society, New London, Miss A. G. Latta, Sec'y, 1 box; Anna M. Reid, West Chester, 1 pkg.; Church of the Saviour, West Phila., Mrs. S. H. Goddard, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Mrs. S. B. Hopkins, 1 pkg.; A. and M. Sager, 934 Arch st., 1 pkg.; Susan Coogan, 1 pkg.; company D, 1st regt. Gray Reserves, Captain Clark, clothing, extract of beef; Vaughan Sewing Circle, Mrs. Furness, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Little Meadows, Susquehanna co., Mrs. H. L. Beardsley, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycoming co., Miss Sarah H. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Chambersburg, Mrs. N. J. Nixon, Sec'y, 3 boxes; Williamstown Soldiers' Aid, Chester co., 1 box, 1 bbl.; Soldiers' Aid, Torresdale, Mrs. S. Grant, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; Sanitary Aid of Miss Smith's school, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Claymont, Del., Mrs. Graff, 1 pkg.; Mrs. John Todd, Doylestown, Bucks co., 1 pkg.; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Le Raysville, Mrs. H. N. Brink, Sec'y, 1 box; Industrial Branch, Miss Haven, Sec'y, 1 pkg.

GEN. DODGE AND THE TAKING OF DECATUR.—During the fog and darkness of the night on which Decatur was taken, General Dodge, Colonel Spencer, of his staff, and a few others, thinking that the troops, who were to cross at another place, had done so, and quietly occupied the place, started in a little boat to row directly across to the town. The fog was so close that it was impossible to see anything. As the boat neared the Decatur shore, a sentinel on shore heard its splashing, and hailed, "Who goes there?" Thinking it to be a Union soldier, the General sang out, "General Dodge!" Bang! went the gun of the sentinel—he was a rebel picket. The boat was instantly put to the right about, and got safely away, although fired at by the guard. The General wisely determined not to take Decatur without the aid of troops, and waited until he knew they had made a landing.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been more doing in Flour since last week. Sales reach some 18,000 bbls chiefly high grade Western and Pennsylvania Flour at $6,75@6,25 for common and good superfine, $6,50@6,7 for extras, the latter for Cumberland Valley; $6,75@7,50 for common and good extra family, $7,50@8,50 for high grade do, and fancy brands at from $9 to $9,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with a small business only to note in the former at $6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been more activity in Wheat, with sales of 40,000 bus, chiefly for milling, at $1,55@1,65 for fair to good and prime Pennsylvania reds, $1,65@1,75 for Southern do and choice amber Western; and $1,75@1,82½ for common and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is unchanged and 4000 bus sold at $1,25@1,28. Corn is better, and about 45,000 bus sold at $1,17@1,20 for yellow, including white at $1,17. Oats are also better, and some 25,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, sold at 52@53c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—Prices are steady and the market for the hog product is more active. Of Pork we note small sales of new Mess at $22½@23½, and old at $21½@22½ ₱ bbl. Of Beef Hams, sales of 350 bbls at $23@23½ ₱ bbl. Mess Beef ranges at from $10 to 17 for country and city packed. Bacon moves off as wanted at 14@17c for plain and fancy Hams, the latter for bagged, 11½@11¾c for Sides, and 11@11¼c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats further sales of 1500 pkgs are reported at 13½@14c for pickled Hams, 13c *for salt do*; 10½@11½c for Sides, and 9¾@10c for Shoulders. Lard; sales of 1000 bbls and tcs are reported at 13¾@14½c, the latter for extra quality; kegs are scarce, and held at 16@16½c. Butter; sales light at 35@50c for packed and roll. Cheese is selling at 15@20c. Eggs are selling at 25@30c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled; sales of 400 bales are reported at from 65 to 75c for ordinary to good middling.

BARK—There is more demand for Quercitron Bark; 200 hhds have been taken at $36@40 ₱ ton for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is scarce.

BEESWAX comes in slowly, and good yellow meets with ready sale at 58@64c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is rather more activity; prices range at $6,50@7 ₱ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales of 6000 bags Rio at 37@37½c; Laguayra at 37c, and St. Domingo at 35@36c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is firm but quiet.

FEATHERS—Western are selling at 65@67c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The offerings and sales are light, and Dried Apples and Peaches are scarce and held above the views of buyers.

HAY is steady at $25@28 ₱ ton.

HEMP is firm at the late advance.

HOPS are dull at 18@33c ₱ lb.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal is very active. Sales of 6000 tons Anthracite are reported for future delivery at $49@51, cash, for the three numbers, mostly at $50; 500 tons Glendon also sold at 52, cash. Of Scotch Pig there is none here. Blooms and Roller Plates are also scarce and high, and Manufactured from generally in good demand.

LEAD is scarce and high.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards sell at $33@34, and Lehigh Hemlock at $24 ₱ M. Shingles are steady at $19@22 for White Pine. Laths sell in lots from the wharf at $2,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is better and more active. Sales 700 hhds Cuba at 60@65c for clayed, and 70@75c for Muscovado.

SEEDS—There is more doing in Cloverseed, sales of 5000 bus are reported at $6,50@7,40 for common to prime, mostly at $7@7,25 ₱ bus. Timothy is quiet at $3@3,25 ₱ bus. Flaxseed commands $3,25@3,30 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—New England Rum is quoted at $1,1@1,15. Whiskey—Sales have been made at 93c to $1 for inferior to prime Pennsylvania and Western bbls, and 91 to 97c for drudge.

SUGARS are active; sales of 2500 hhds at 12½@14¾c for Cuba, 14¾@15¼c for Porto Rico, and 17½@16¼c for New Orleans, cash and time; 1000 boxes Cuba also sold at 14¾c, on time.

TALLOW is in better demand; 130,000 lbs have been taken at 11¾c for country, and 12@12¾c for Western and city rendered.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet but very firm, with some further small sales of Western Leaf at 20@35c ₱ lb. New Penna Seed Leaf continues abundant and dull, and Manufactured steady in price.

WOOL—The market has been unsettled, with moderate sales of low medium and fine fleece and pub to note at 70 to 90c, including some choice pub at 88c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from $10 to 15 ₱ 100 lbs. 140 Cows brought from $18 to 25 ₱ head. 8000 Sheep were sold at from 7¼ to 8¼ cents ₱ lb. 2550 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRACE GREENWOOD IN THE ARMY.—The charming Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) visited the 2nd Corps last week by invitation of the 1st Division Lecture Association, and on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and Monday evening of this week, lectured to large and greatly-interested audiences at the lecture-hall of the 1st (Gen. Caldwell's) Division. Maj Gen. Warren and wife, Gen. Caldwell and wife, Gens. Kilpatrick and Owen, and many other distinguished officers and civilians attended the lectures and paid their respects to the fair lecturer. On Thursday (St. Patrick's day) Mrs. Lippincott, attended by Gen. Caldwell and staff and several ladies, was present at the hurdle-races near Stevensburg, and enjoyed the sports of the day, as also the St. Patrick's banquet of the Irish Brigade in the evening. On Sunday, the same party visited the picket-line on the Rendan. During all her stay in the army Mrs. L. was the recipient of constant and distinguished courtesies at the hands of many of the leading officers of the corps. The entire course of lectures was a complete success, and the Association deserves the highest credit in affording to the gentlemen of the 2nd Corps so rare a patriotic and literary treat.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE OLD NEGRO.—A Vicksburg correspondent says:—Col. ——, acting brigadier on the recent expedition, states that while the heaps of railroad ties were burning in the streets of Meridian, an old man was noticed warming himself by the fire, and now and then laughing hilariously to himself. A major stepped up and said: "Uncle, what are you laughing at?"

"Oh! massa, I'se been a slave all my life—these sixty-seven years. I work for my massa, and he his nigger. To-night I'se a free man; yah! yah! yah! Two or three days Yankees go away, and I be slave again; but two or three days I'se been free man, anyhow; yah! yah! yah!"

☞ We don't expect some people to recognize merit, for a man can't recognize what he knows nothing about.

R. R. R.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.
A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.
A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Dr. Radway's Ready Relief is a household remedy; every family should keep it in the house; every traveller should carry a bottle with him, it will, if seized with pain or sickness, or if you meet with accidents, falls, bruises, strains, sprains, afford immediate aid. Hundreds, by its timely use, have been protected against serious illness. One 25 cent bottle is sure to do you good, and may save your life. A teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, if weak, fatigued or seized with pain, will, in a few minutes, allay all painful symptoms, and as a tonic will prove more serviceable than all the bitters and liquors in the world. On the first indication of pain use the Ready Relief, and no further trouble will be experienced. Price 25 cents per bottle.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

THROAT DISEASES.—"We would call attention to 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.' We have found them efficacious in allaying Irritation in the Throat and Bronchia, and would commend them to the attention of Public Speakers, and others troubled with affections of the Throat. They are also an excellent remedy for Hoarseness resulting from cold."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

Although many years have elapsed since this discovery was made known to the world, its great virtue has never yet been equalled. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. ap 2-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of Feb., 1864, by Judge John Rose, J. R. OWEN, to ELIZABETH J. JACKSON, daughter of Jefferson and Matilda Jackson, of Cedar county, Mo.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JAMES A. COLLINS, to Miss MARIE A. CROSBY, both of this city.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. SAMUEL W. HAMMER, of the 3d Pa. Artillery, to Miss RACHEL A. MCLAIN, of this city.

On the 6th of March, 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JACOB LEE, of the 20th reg't P. V., to Miss REBECCA GETZ, both of this city.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. G. W. German, WILLIAM H. S. MCCURDY, 112th regt. P. V., to Miss CARRIE E. WIENER, both of this city.

On the 4th of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOSEPH WHITTINGTON, to Miss ANNIE MCCORKLE, both of this city.

On the 20th of March, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Captain KREWSON YERKES, 5th Ohio Vols., to Miss SILLEY S. LEIGHTON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of March, JOHN H. BLYE, Jr., aged 46 years.

On the 23d of March, JOHN REDMAN COXE, M. D., in his 91st year.

On the 21st of March, WILLIAM MONTELIUS, in his 83d year.

On the 22d of March, JAMES H. HOPKINS, aged 50 years.

On the 23d of March, Mrs. MARGARET HARRIS, aged 65 years.

On the 21st of March, Mr. GRAFTON J. COLEMAN, aged 28 years.

On the 21st of March, ELIZABETH BARRY, in her 80th year.

On the 20th of March, HANNAH CRAWFORD, in her 89th year.

On the 19th of March, Mrs. CATHARINE GAMPHER, aged 76 years.

On the 19th of March, Mr. ANDREW SMITH, Sr., in his 89th year.

On the 18th of March, Mrs. ANN HERITAGE, in her 74th year.

4-4 **LYONS BLACK SILK VELVET.**
Lyons Velvet 1¼ yards wide.
Magnificent Spring Silks.
Stout-t Black Drab Silks.
Richest Spring Organdies.
Shawls of newest styles.
EYRE & LANDELL,
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ Nine Cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has, during his reign, created 45 Cardinals, and seen 65 disappear from this world.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE;

Or, an attempt to prove that what is
PASSIONATE AND PLEASING
IN THE
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The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

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Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any single preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and a restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of recovering. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 25, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of this kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

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Wit and Humor.

One of the Hotels.—The proprietors of a hotel in the Gold Mining region (according to Hoyle, who has just returned,) has posted up the following "Rules and Regulations:"—Board must be paid in advance; with Beans, $15; without Beans, $12; salt free; boarders not permitted to speak to the cook; no extras allowed; potatoes for dinner; "pocketing" at meals strictly forbidden; no whistling while eating; gentlemen are expected to wash out of doors and find their own water; no charges for ice; towel-bags at the end of the house; extra charges for seats around the stove; lodgers must furnish their own straw; beds on the bar-room floor reserved for regular customers; persons sleeping in the bar are requested not to take off their boots; lodgers inside arise at 5 A. M.—in the barn at 7 o'clock; each man makes up his own bed; no quartz taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table; specimens must invariably be left on the outside; any one violating the above rules will be shot.

A Cute Lawyer.—A gentleman dying left all his estate to a monastery, on condition that on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him "whatever they should choose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. A barrister to whom he appeared to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his cause. The gentleman followed his advice. "The testator," said the ingenious barrister, "has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of his will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client then stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'that part they have chosen, and I am satisfied,'" and he gained the suit.

The Dinner for the Baron.—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs. ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron Von Seidlitz Powders, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, and an invitation sent in form. After waiting a considerable time, and no Baron appearing, the dinner was served; but during the second course a note was brought to the lady of the house with excuses from the Baron, who was unexpectedly prevented by the death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Epsom Salts, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

Appropriate.—An amusing circumstance occurred in a singing-school, some years ago. A. M. Paine was the teacher, and a Miss Patience, one of the pupils.

In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words—

"Come, gentle *patience* smile on *pain*."

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave out another, in which were the following lines:—

"Oh give me tears for others' woes,
And *patience* for my own."

The risibilities of the school were so effected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

Local Scene.—Office Unfermented Bread Company. Clerk behind the counter. Enter Bridget.

Clerk (blandly)—"What can I do for you?"

Bridget (pertly)—"Me misthriss would be afther taking a loaf of *unfermented* brid on thrial."

Cachinatory explosion and loaf of bread from clerk. Vamose Bridget, in high dudgeon.

☞ "Father," said a little boy, "I know how to fire off the guns and cannons of earth, but who is tall enough to touch off the thunder?"

Turkish Ignorance of America.—A Boston correspondent gives renewed and interesting evidence of the strange notions which are rampant in the countries of the Levant, respecting American affairs. Indeed, this ignorance is not imputable to Turkey alone, but to all Europe. He writes:—"A lady seeing a picture of Mar ha Washington, inquired if it were Mrs. Washington Irving. A friend seeing a portrait of Washington in a shop, went to test the owner's knowledge. 'Who is that?' 'Washington.' 'And who is he?' 'Oh, a hero, like Scipio, like Hannibal. He won many wars.' 'Did he always win?' 'Always. He beat *him* (pointing to a picture of Napoleon which hung on one side) almightily in three battles.' The man's heart was in the right place, though his facts were out of joint. I astonished a highly intelligent German by telling him that the President's salary was only $25,000. He guessed half a million."

A TRICK OF WAR.

A correspondent of the New York Dispatch says that during the war of 1812, he accidentally got possession of some of the signals of the British Navy, which he put into the hands of Com. Rodgers; and he thus concludes his article:—

Soon after the conclusion of peace, dining with Com. Rodgers, at his house in Washington, he related to me the following circumstances, which I give nearly in his own words:—

"I acknowledged the receipt of your letter," he observed, "and was determined to have the signals made on board, and to try the experiment, none of my officers understanding for what purpose they were intended. I cruised some time without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British ensign, which was answered by displaying another, and at the same time a signal at her maintop gallant masthead, which I immediately discovered was like one of those you had given me. From the list of English frigates, I selected the number of the Sea Horse, one of their largest class, and known to be on our coast, and hoisted it. She bore down at once and came under our stern; I ordered her to heave to, and I would send a boat on board of her.

"This order was obeyed, and I despatched a lieutenant to bring her signal book, enjoining on him and the crew, the strictest secrecy respecting our character. He was politely received by the captain, whose schooner proved to be the Highflyer. Our lieutenant's coat attracted his attention, not being of the latest London fashion, although the crown and anchor was on the button; but casting his eye on the frigate, seeing the British ensign, and now and then the red coat of a marine appearing above the hammock netting, his mind was apparently set at rest.

"The lieutenant informed him that he was requested to bring his signal book on board the Sea Horse, in order to have some alterations made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had possession of something like the signals, and it was therefore necessary to change the number! This ruse had the desired effect, and our lieutenant returned with the book, which placed me in command of the *whole correspondence of the British Navy*. I sent the gig for the captain, requesting him to come on board, and bring any dispatches he might have in charge.

"On reaching our deck he seemed surprised at the size of the vessel, praised her cleanliness, and the order in which everything appeared; admired the red coats of the marines, and on being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle of dispatches for Admiral Warren, who, he observed, must be within forty miles to leeward. I ordered refreshments, and, in company with several of my officers, we entered into a general conversation.

"I asked him what object Admiral Warren had in cruising in that neighborhood? He said to intercept American privateers and merchantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore Rodgers, who, he understood, had command of one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in the American Navy. I inquired of him what kind of a man this Rodgers was, and if he had ever seen him? He said no; but he had understood that he was an odd character, and rather hard to catch. After conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly put the question to him:

"'Sir, do you know what vessel you are on board of?'

"'Why, yes, sir,' he replied, 'on board His Majesty's ship Sea Horse!'

"'Then, sir, you labor under a very great mistake. *You are on board the United States frigate President, and I am Commodore Rodgers, at your service.*'

"The dying dolphin never assumed a greater variety of colors than did this poor fellow's face. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are disposed to be humorous, and must be joking.' I assured him that it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head, handed him my commission. At the same moment the band struck up Yankee Doodle, on our quarter-deck; on reaching which, he saw the American ensign *flying*, the red coats turning blue, and the crown and anchor button metamorphosed into the eagle.

"This affair," observed the Commodore, "was of immense importance to our country. We obtained in full the British signals; the operations of Admiral Warren, by the non-receipt of his dispatches, were destroyed for the season; and it probably saved the frigate, for the course I was running at the time of my falling in with the Highflyer, would have brought me into the midst of his fleet during the night.

☞ The æsthetic excuse for Henry VIII.'s conduct in respect to marriage is, that he made away with one wife after another, simply and solely because he cherished such an exalted ideal of what a wife ought to be, that he never could rest satisfied with the actual specimens of womanhood who came across his path.

☞ Handel used to console his friends when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Never moind, de music vill sound de better."

GENEROSITY UNPARALLELED.

Lady.—"Oh! Cleaver! (*indignantly*) what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had of you!"

Cleaver.—"Was there, mum? I couldent help that, you know, mum; but, however, the very fust fat bullock I do kill without any bone, I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

LORD CHEDWORTH AND THE SPIRIT OF HIS FRIENDS.

The following circumstance was given on good authority in the Metropolitan (English) Magazine in 1836. Similar instances are on record:—

Lord Chedworth—father of the late lord—had living with him the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, from whom Mrs. Crawford heard this circumstance:—Lord Chedworth had some lamentable doubts as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman who was as skeptical as himself. One morning Miss Wright observed, on her uncle's joining her at the breakfast-table, that he was very thoughtful, ate little, and was unusually silent. At last he said—

"Molly," for thus he familiarly called her, "I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend B—— came to me."

"How?" said Miss Wright. "Did he come after I went to bed?"

"*His spirit did*," said Lord Chedworth, solemnly.

"Oh, my dear uncle! how could the spirit of a living man appear?" said she, smiling.

"He is dead, beyond doubt," replied his lordship. "Listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him. But he (the spirit) answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I came to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'"

"Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream."

But while Miss Wright was yet speaking a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately afterward delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. The effect that it had upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once removed, and forever.

Titled and Untitled Aristocracy.—When Louis XVI. ordained that no one should be presented at Versailles unless he could prove four hundred years of "gentility," in other words, that his ancestors bore arms before the year 1400, many counts and marquises were rejected as unworthy, though many an untitled gentleman, as old as Hampden of Hampden, left his tower or chateau, and posted up to court to establish his right. Every gentleman, on his pedigree being certified, was invited to join the royal hunt; and this privilege was entitled *le droit de monter dans le carosse du Roi*. The plain squire to whom this right was allowed, was always held to be really superior even to the count or marquis whose claim was rejected. Were the same standard of "gentility" in vogue at St. James's, many an old English squire and highland chieftain would bear away the palm of ancestry, while many a noble peer would, as a tournament, have to "ride the barriers."

☞ The number of deaths by breaking through the ice and drowning during the past winter, has been ten to twenty for one struck by lightning during the last summer. Yet many people are afraid of thunder and lightning, whilst scarcely one person in a hundred feels any apprehension of the ice. In this case treachery kills far more than violence.

Useful Receipts.

Excellent Paste Soap.—*For Family Use.*—One bar good hard soap, cut in thin slices, put into four quarts of water and boiled until soft. To this, put four more quarts of water, a piece of unslacked lime the size of an egg, and one pint of alcohol. Put these last into a firkin and turn the first on it.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Jumbles.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda, and a little milk,—use flavoring of vanilla or lemon. Do not mix too hard; cut in rounds. The cakes will keep a long time, and are highly approved of.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Washing Made Easy.—One of the best bleaching and emollient agents that can be employed in washing, either the person or clothing, is common refined borax. It should be dissolved in hot water at the rate of half a pound to the gallon; a great saving in soap is effected by its use. The borax should be pulverized first. It may be procured in the form of crystals at any druggist's, and can be powdered with a rolling-pin, or a hammer; it will not injure the most delicate fabric; and laces or other fine tissues may be washed in a solution of borax, with manifest advantage to their color and consistency.

A Plain, Cheap, and Good Cake.—Rub ½ pound of butter into 1 pound of fine flour; add 4 oz. of moist sugar, ½ pound of currants, ½ pound of raisins, 2 oz. of candied peel, shred fine, a pinch of nutmeg and salt. Mix well one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of cold milk; pour these on to the other ingredients and beat them into a paste. Butter a tin, and line the sides and bottom with buttered writing-paper; drop in the dough without allowing it to rise, and bake for one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Apple Charlotte.—Take thin slices of bread and butter (fresh butter.) Peel, core, and cut up sufficient of nice baking apples in proportion, the number determined by the size. Take a pie-dish, line it with bread and butter, crust and all. Next make a layer of apple at the bottom; then of sugar; then of bread and butter, and so on till the dish be filled. It must be baked enough to render the apple perfectly soft and mellow. For serving to table, turn it out in a dish. It ought to keep its shape, and eat almost like a sweetmeat, all the ingredients being thoroughly blended in the baking process. It has always been an exceedingly popular pudding with us, and I hope may prove delectable to some of your readers.—G. C. C.

To Boil Potatoes.—In Ireland potatoes are boiled to perfection. The humblest peasant places his potatoes on the table better cooked than could half the cooks in America, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets." Peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making it waxy and unpalatable. They should be thoroughly washed, and put into cold water. In Ireland, they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commenced boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and then let the skin thoroughly dry before peeling.—*Selected.*

Agricultural.

THE USE OF PROPER TOOLS.

It is not often that we see a farmer who has lived and labored twenty years on a farm, who is not more or less bowed, bent, or broken down by labor, and the unnatural positions in which he has wrought because he has not worked with suitable tools.

If he ploughs, he manages to ride the handles of the plough, his body bent forward at nearly a right angle. He does not walk up close between the handles, stand straight, and simply exert himself to guide and steady the plough—diminishing the labor to himself and the team too. I've seen some men plough who seemed to be pushing the plough into the ground. If the plough is worth using, and the team is properly attached, there should be no such ground and lofty tumbling, even among the rocks and stones of some of the states as may be seen practiced by ploughmen in almost every neighborhood.

Then, again, how many farmers can you count of your acquaintance that stand straight when they hoe corn? Most men's bodies are at right angles to their legs, and the support of the body is divided between the muscles of the legs and those of the arms. But these doubled-up hoemen are not the men who accomplish most in a day. They are not the men who live longest and prosper most. They are not, as a rule, the thinking men. And but a few years go by before one would suppose their round shoulders and distorted bodies to have been so normally.

Here are two shovels. Try them in this cow stable, an hundred feet long. The manure is to be put through those windows. Take this short-handled shovel and throw out the manure for twenty feet. You will the better appreciate the difference. You stoop for every shovel-full. If you are a right-handed shoveler, your right hand is bespattered with manure as you fill the shovel. Then if you throw it clear of the window, you have got to learn the knack of jerking it. And if you have labored all your life at this disadvantage, you will find your back aches when you shall have got the first twenty feet cleaned. You will lay your hand around on it and straighten up painfully.

Now take the long handled shovel. Stand straight! Take a single step toward the window, and swing the load of excrement clean through it, ten feet. How easy it was done, wasn't it? No, sir, do not stoop now to load your shovel again; stand straight up, like a good, conscientious man, as you are; fill the shovel and discharge it without incurring the back-ache. How easy you breathe, standing upright! Don't you find it better? Your shoulders work in their place—in their proper relation to the rest of the body. You accomplish more in the same time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

KILLED PEACH TREES.

In the West and Southwest the unusually severe frost of the past winter destroyed the peach tree either down to the ground, or nearly so; and the consequence is that in the great peach region comprised within the limits of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, etc., some two or three years must elapse before another crop of trees can be matured. However, if the following method, suggested at a late meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, be adopted, the deprivation may be shortened at least one year:—Cut off the top as far down as the injury extends, allowing new wood to grow out of the old stump or stock. Two members of the society testified that they had eaten peaches from trees thus treated, which were at least fifty years old. In one instance the tree had been cut down three times. It is true seedling peaches only are obtained; but as all peaches are seedlings originally, and as the stocks are budded generally before they fruit, the old tree or stock may produce excellent fruit.

This hint is worth heeding by those whose peach trees have been seriously damaged by the frost.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

To Destroy Borers in Fruit Trees.—Bore the tree about one inch in depth with a gimlet or small auger; fill the hole thus made with sulphur, and then secure it with clay or shoemaker's wax. The sulphur will penetrate the tree, or the sap will carry it into the pores of the tree, and the borers will disappear, and the trees will recover from their injurious effects. I saved a thrifty apple tree by this method a few years since. The sulphur does not injure the tree; the hole made for it will grow up, and the tree will thrive again. If holes made by the borers are accessible, fill them with sulphur, and the borers will not again trouble the tree.

If the trees are large, more sulphur will be required, and perhaps an inch auger would not be too large. Let the sulphur be put into the tree in a half a dozen places. It will not injure the tree, and is a certain remedy against the borer.—*N. Y. Observer.*

☞ Columbus.—What I admire in Christopher Columbus is not his having discovered the New World, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.—*Turgot.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 1, 7, 31, 21, 5, is what we would all wish to be.
My 13, 14, 20, 5, is a pronoun.
My 14, 8, 20, 30, is an agent in steam locomotion.
My 38, 36, 18, 18, 9, 33, is a weapon.
My 10, 29, 9, 1, 9, 34, 36, 28, 33, is an article of furniture.
My 15, 36, 9, 9, is a Scotch name for a girl.
My 25, 27, 11, 13, 14, 2, 33, is a relation.
My 19, 23, 5, is an insect.
My 21, 29, 6, 5, 20, 12, is a profession.
My 23, 24, 35, is a bird.
My 17, 7, 30, 1, 36, 3, is a boy's name.
My 4, 16, 24, 8, 5, is an abandoned person.
My 25, 36, 25, 29, 26, 32, 37, is an animal.

My whole is the name and birthplace of a distinguished American poet.

Mansfield, Ohio. CURTIS EVERETT.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st Is a partner of worth,
Never missing from earth,
By virtue required in formation;
And while faithful to greet,
Both in forest and street,
In works it excells in narration.

My 2nd Centres so in delight
That, if given to flight,
It appears slightly changed in condition;
Tho' in wildest of clime,
Is true servant of time,
Reinstalled in improving position.

My 3rd Is of gracefulness claimed,
And in brightness well-framed;
In designing is truly enjoining;
Stored in knowledge, as found,
It gives elegy sound,
Being ever of vigor in coining.

My 4th Is well furnished in sight,
And encompassed in light;
In thoughtfulness clearly abounding;
Is allotted to youth,
In the teachings of truth;
An aid in rich honors compounding.

My 5th Is in taste, true and staid,
And of interest made;
Is faultless in fleetness of motion;
Placed in stations of trust,
Is in faithfulness just,
And settles in purest devotion.

My whole Is an excellence bright,
To which all should delight,
In freely and nobly adhering,
And thus hasten along
The sure downfall of wrong,
Perfection's fair temple uprearing.

Rose Place, Ill. E. C. ROSE.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Abraham Brown and Peter Miller jointly bought 250 acres of land, paying for the whole of it $14,988: towards which sum Mr. Brown paid $9,906; and Mr. Miller paid the remainder. In dividing the land among themselves according to the purchase money, they agreed that, on account of some difference in the quality of the land, Mr. Brown should take his land at the valuation of $9.50 per acre more than what Mr. Miller should take his part per acre at. The simple question arising therefrom is plainly this: how many acres each of these two men are thus entitled to receive of said purchase, to the full extent of each one's share in the purchase money? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers whose sum is equal to the square of their difference, and by dividing the greater by the less you obtain 2. What are the numbers? O. L. NEWBOLD.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why ought the letters of the alphabet to be re-arranged? Ans.—Because many of them are out of "order."

☞ Why are twenty-two of them very unfortunate? Ans.—Because they are always out of "*luck*."

☞ Why is it a paradox that they are so? Ans.—Because many that are out of luck are in "prosperity."

☞ Why are poor men extravagant in their attire? Ans.—Because they have waste coats, (waist coats.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." CHARADE—Caterpillar. CHARADE—Hemlock. RIDDLE—Peace.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. G. Cagroin, published Feb. 13th. Altitude of cone 5977½ ft. Walter Severly, Gill Bates, and S. G. C.

Answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM same date. First series 4.16.64.250; second series 3.9.27. Gill Bates, Walter Severly, and A. M.

☞ Suwarrow, the Russian general, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually took off one spur."